THE WHITE BANNER.

"Amid the war of sect and party—the strife of hollow creeds and vindictive antagonisms—BROTHERHOOD *lifts its* WHITE BANNER *into light."*

George Lippard, Editor.

(PUBLISHED QUARTERLY.)

VOL. I.

PHILADELPHIA:
GEORGE LIPPARD,
PUBLISHER, ON BEHALF OF THE SHAREHOLDERS.
1851.

Entered, according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1851,

By George Lippard,

In the office of the Clerk of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.

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THE PILGRIM OF ETERNITY.

By George Lippard.

PHILADELPHIA:
PUBLISHED BY THE AUTHOR.
1851.

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PRÓLOGUE.

THE POOR MAN.

One day a Rich Man came to a Poor Man, who stood talking by the roadside. It was where a fountain gushing from the rocks, and half shadowed by vines, sprinkled coolness upon the heated dust and sent low music upon the evening air.

The Rich Man was clad in fine apparel: a diamond shone above his young forehead, amid the curls of his chestnut hair. He might turn his eyes to the right, and behold swelling hills, dotted with flocks of sheep and herds of oxen. These were his own. To the left, and see white and black men, toiling in the harvest of that fruitful land. The toiling men and the harvest were alike his own. Gazing to the west, where the last flush of day lingered over the white dome of a palace, he might feast his eyes with the prospect of long lines of slaves, who spread before the portals of that Palace, bearing vessels of silver and gold in their hands. And this palace, these slaves, these stores of gold and silver—ALL were his own.

For he was a Rich Man. The jewel that gathered the folds of his robe across his young breast, was worth the life-long labor of a hundred slaves.

And the Poor Man who stood talking by the roadside, was clad in the coarse garments of toil. The landscape before him was very beautiful—golden harvests, blooming in the lap of emerald valleys—streams of silver winding from the light into the shadow, and from shadow into light again—a great palace, lifting its white dome into the sunset heaven, from amid a grove of palms—and yet the Poor Man could not call one inch of ground his own. He knew not where to lay his head. The coarse garments which covered him, the rude staff in his hand—these were all his possessions.

He was a wanderer upon the face of the earth.

And he stood in the midst of a throng of men, who listened to him with earnestness, and hung upon every word, as though every word was life or death to them. They were all poor men; the very poorest of the poor; some clad in

rags, and not a few crippled by disease, or pitiful with blindness, or miserable to look upon with their leper's sores.

And the accents of the Poor Man's voice held every ear, and those who were not blind, looked earnestly into his eyes, and one, half-kneeling on a solitary rock, regarded with mute wonder—a kind of dumb adoration—the white forehead of the Poor Man.

For the face of the Poor Man, with its flowing hair, covered with dust, and its sunburnt cheeks, touched by the trace of thought, or time, or hardship, was a face that won you to it, with peculiar power, and made you wish to look upon it forever, and mark the strange light of its eyes, and note the smile which hung about its lips.

There was, in truth, a strange Power, upon that face.

The Rich Man drew nigh with steps at once languid and eager, with a manner at once impetuous and full of dignity. His fair face, and perfumed hair, and jewelled robes, were terribly contrasted with the rags and lameness, the disease and leprosy, which encircled the Poor Man.

Still he drew nigh. He was won by the face of that Poor Man. May be he had heard of him before; may be some story of a wondrous power wielded by this Poor Man, had reached the ears of the Rich Man. However he drew nigh, and quickened his steps as the accents of the Poor Man's voice trembled through the silence of the evening hour.

The Rich Man sighed. He pressed his hand to his fair forehead. With all his wealth, his lands and slaves, his harvests and his palaces, he was not at peace with himself. He felt his bosom devoured by a gnawing restlessness. He was unhappy, and yet the darkness of these blind men had not visited him; his rounded limbs were free from leper's sores; the curse of the poor man's poverty was not upon his delicate hands.

Still he was not at peace; for he sighed and pressed his hand to his brow, and shuddered within his robes of price.

He was unhappy.

Quickening his footsteps, he drew near the Poor Man, brushing his fine linen against the beggar's rags, and with his gaze fixed upon the dilating eyes of the Poor Man, his ear enchained by every sound that fell from the Poor Man's tongue.

A word rose to his lips. He could not choke it down. And yet that word was "Master!"

He felt that the Poor Man, clad in the humble garb of toil, and with no place to lay his head, was his Master! This Poor Man, encircled by rags and lameness, by the cold eyeballs of blindness, and the distorted faces of leprosy, was the Master of the Rich Man, who could call the lives of a thousand slaves his own.

This he felt; and the word "Master" rose to his lips.

Thrusting himself into the miserable circle, he joined his hands, and said in a tremulous voice—

"*Master! what shall I do to inherit eternal life?*"

It was in these words that the burden of his soul found utterance. It was as if he had said, What shall I do to be at peace with myself, and while I live, and at the hour of my death, to have a hold on Immortality?

The Poor Man raised his eyes. They were touched with a gleam of divine sadness. He looked first upon the face of the Rich Man, then upon the wide harvest fields, and the herds of cattle, and the white palace, with slaves thronging before its portals—and last of all, upon the crowd of miserable men, who were gathered near him.

It was a painful contrast.

For a moment the Poor Man did not reply. He raised his eyes to the sunset sky, and his face was invested as with the blessing of God, embodied in sunset rays.

All the while the Rich Man awaited in the anxiety of undisguised suspense, the words of the Poor Man.

At last he spoke:

"SELL ALL THOU HAST AND GIVE TO THE POOR!"

And at these words the throng of miserable wretches looked up in wonder, and the Rich Man retreated backward and bowed his head, as suddenly as though some one had smote him on the forehead.

"*Sell* ALL *thou hast and give to the Poor?*"

It was as though he had said—

You have a Palace, Rich Man! Let its luxurious chambers be tenanted by the blind, the halt, the famine-stricken, who now surround me. You have lands, Rich Man? Divide them among the white and black slaves who now gather your harvests, with the labor of hopeless bondage, and baptize their hard-earned food with bitter tears. You have herds of oxen, Rich Man, and flocks of sheep, upon every hill. Let the fleece of your sheep clothe these naked ones, let the flesh of your beasts give these starving ones some nourishment, some life! Sell all thou hast and give to the Poor, for the Poor are as much the children of the great family of God as you are, as much entitled to his fruits, his air, his lands, as you are; with as holy a right to peace in this world, immortality in the next, as yourself!

And as the Poor Man spoke his face lighted up with a serene glory, and with the sweetness of his accents there was mingled a strange tone of Power.

But the Rich Man recoiling from the light of his eyes—frightened by the very simplicity of these words, which said so much in so brief a compass—turned sadly away, and went down the hill-side, now raising his eyes to gaze upon his great possessions, now burying his face in his trembling hands.

But the Poor Man remained near the fountain by the roadside, talking to the blind, and the lame, the slave in rags and the leper clad in sores, who gathered near him, and felt the light of his eyes, while the accents of his voice penetrated their souls.

Thus it is over all the world, in all ages, among all People.

The Rich Man goes down the hill, full of restlessness, yet gazing earnestly upon his great possessions.

The Poor Man remains upon the roadside talking to the outcasts of all the world, and telling them of their right to Peace in this life, and Immortality in the next.

It is the object of the following pages to illustrate the lessons which "THE POOR MAN" taught; and show their influence upon the heart of Humanity through all ages.

THE

PILGRIM OF ETERNITY.

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1. VAULTS OF THE CATACOMBS.

A City of the Dead, sunken far beneath the feet of millions!

While Rome palpitates on the surface, like the great heart of the Living World, here, beneath the throbs of that voluptuous heart, lies the skeleton-heart of a World of Shadows. Above smiles Rome, with St. Peter's on her breast—below, brood the Catacombs, the Ghostly Rome—with the dead of eighteen centuries, sleeping in her shadows.

It is a fearful thing to walk here, by the light of a lamp, which grows dim and pale, as it encounters the charnel breath of the dead ages. To leave the gay city, whose pavement stones beat with the tread of a thousand and a hundred thousand feet, and lamp in hand, pass through the mouth of this great cavern, into a Ghostly World—have you the courage? Above you the gorgeous sky of Italy; around you vines and blossoms, nothing but vines and blossoms wherever you turn your gaze; in the distance the great Colosseum, that silent Monarch of the dead centuries, and yonder the dome of St. Peter's, rising into Heaven, so isolated in its awful glory—can you leave all this, and dive with me, into Another World?

Will you for a little while, leave the Rome of the Nineteenth Century, and descend with me, those steps of eighteen hundred years, which end at last, at the foot of a Cross, and near a Holy Sepulchre? Take the lamp—cast one glance over the grand and beautiful Rome—inhale one breath of Paradise, from this voluptuous Italian atmosphere—we pass into the darkness through this hill-side crevice—we are in another world. Listen! Not a sound; not even the echo of a sound. You never felt the meaning of the word Silence before. Listen once again, not with your ears, but with your heart. Hark! The voices of the dead ages, are speaking to your Soul; not voices like the thunder, nor voices like the whirlwind's shout, but those "still small voices," in whose tones you may also hear the voice of God.

It was a beautiful thing, to see a wayworn and aged man, stand up alone, in the centre of a Cavern, whose roof, vast and broken, resembled a leaden sky.

And near his feet, as he stood alone upon the summit of a rock, which rose from the shadows, crouched a little child, attired in garments of purple, his mild and lustrous eyes fixed yearningly upon the old man's face; his hands, small and white and beautiful as marble, gently uplifted, as if in the act of prayer.

The old man was not altogether alone. True, he seemed alone, as raised upon the rock, the dim light shone over his aged face, while all the rest of the vast cavern was wrapt in brooding shadow. But an hundred hearts were beating there, beneath that gloomy roof of rock. An hundred forms were kneeling there, upon that floor of stone. An hundred voices, rose at once, and in one chorus, from that place of shadow, to the ear of God.

By the wavering light, let us steal up gently to the old man's side and clutch his rude gaberdine, and gaze in silence over the kneeling throng. A strange and various crowd! Yonder a Roman matron stands, her dark hair gathered plainly aside from her face, while her sombre robe relieves the snowy whiteness of her neck and shoulders. A diamond glitters from the centre of her calm forehead. At her side, there kneels a woman of the common people, attired in the unsightly garments of slavery, her hands cramped by labor, her face darkened by the summer sun. Then we behold another group—a black man, a Roman, and a Jew, kneeling together, their joined hands raised above their heads.

A maiden, next breaks on our gaze; a beautiful and voluptuous form, clad in vestal white, her brown hair, flowing freely over the bosom, which struggles into light, as her voice mingles its low accents with the universal murmur. Near this form, so pure and yet so warm, in its virginal loveliness, crouches a common soldier; a man of scarred face and giant form, whose brawny arms have done the soldier's work of murder in an hundred battles.

And somewhat removed from the mass of the crowd, a Mother kneels. Kneels, alone, her face raised to the light, her loose hair floating along her shoulders, her lips apart, and her large eyes full of light and tears. Upon her breast, undisturbed by the murmur, which fills the cavern, her baby sleeps, clutching one tress of the Mother's hair, as a smile ripples over its face.

The scene fills us with mingled emotions. We admire, we wonder, we shudder, by turns. Now the serene beauty of the Roman matron fixes our gaze, and we could look for ever into her brilliant eyes. Then the Maiden, so warm and loveable, and yet so pure, kneeling in that twilight group, her white robes, moving to the impulse of the cavern air, and her eyes shining through the dusky atmosphere—the Maiden wins us; and we shudder to behold her here, in this earth-hidden vault. We traverse the scene with a hurried glance. The almost brutal features of the Negro, the calm, grave lineaments of the Roman, the aquiline visage of the Jew—we survey them all by turns; and last of all, our

gaze rests and lingers, upon the kneeling Mother, whose babe smiles and sleeps upon her half-bared breast.

There is a history connected with this scene—tell it to us. Wherefore these hundred human beings, representatives of all classes and races, grouped together like one family, under this sky of rock? Wherefore this aged Slave, standing alone—a cherub-boy crouching at his feet,—his withered hands, outstretched as if to bless these kneeling forms?

Is it a scene of religious worship? There is no cross, nor book, nor altar, here. Not a single picture adorns these rugged rocks; there is no white form of marble, in those dreary nooks, which vary the vast cavern walls. Not even an inscription, rudely traced, to tell us the mystery of this scene.

Survey the throng again. A truth steals into your heart and fills you with inexplicable awe. On every face, there lingers one expression—an expression not so much of rapture, as of godlike endurance. That look makes the Maiden seem divine, while it imparts beauty and grace to the Negro's brutal visage.

We would give a year of our existence to know the meaning of that look.

May be, these hundred people are Treasure Hunters, who, led by the aged Slave, have come here to search the cavern vaults for buried Gold. The lust of gold, the fever of gain—which like Death levels all classes into one—is the tie, which binds this contrasted crowd together; that is the secret charm which fills every face, with a calm and softened rapture.

Is it so?

Let us kneel in the shadows, by this old man's feet, near the boy, who looks so yearningly into his face—let us kneel and look and listen.

The voice of that old man rises above the universal murmur. "There is warm sunlight, far, far above us, while we are buried in the bosom of the earth. Above us, far, far above, ROME smiles in the summer sun; laughing crowds people her streets; throngs of gay worshippers line her temples; and there NERO the Emperor sits in his Golden Palace. Above us, my brothers, my sisters, my children, all is sunshine and life—here is nothing but darkness and death. Come! Let us depart!

He was a withered old man, and yet his voice penetrated every nook of the cavern.

There was no answer to his words, save the universal murmur which swelled from every lip.

The old man moved as though about to descend from the rock, but the Boy clutched his coarse robe, and whispered, "Stay! Father! Stay!"

"Thou callest me, Father!" said the aged one, with a sad smile—"How is this? Thou art a noble Roman's child—and I am but a Slave and the Son of a Slave?"

But the Boy, whose eyes grew brighter, only clutched his robe more firmly with his little hands, and looked more earnestly into his eyes, and whispered:

"Here is neither Lord nor Slave. We are of one family, and the Father of one, is also the Father of us all."

Again the aged Slave stretched forth his hands—

"Why do ye linger? Know ye not, that to linger here is to die? To die, not by cord, or cross, or steel, but by the most horrible of all deaths—by the slow agonies of STARVATION. Hasten, my friends. Let us leave this place. It is but the work of a moment. Yonder, at the extremity of the cavern, behold an iron door. Beside that door, waits Nero's minister, a noble Lord, attired gayly in purple and gold. Advance to the door, streteh forth a hand and speak but a word, and ye are saved!"

Again there was no answer save the universal murmur. Not a footstep was heard, nor did a single form separate from the kneeling throng.

"The word is very simple," eontinued the old man. "It is but to say—*I deny the Felon who died upon the Cross. I disown his name, and scorn the treason which he taught.*"

The air of the vault lifted the white hairs of the slave; the lamp cast red beams upon his faee.

Still his appeal was answered by that universal murmur

"*We believe in the Christ who died upon the Cross*" these were the words of the ehorus—"*We believe in the words which he spoke in Nazareth—'The spirit of Jehovah is upon me, to preach good tidings to the poor, sight to the blind, liberty to the bond, peace to them that are bruised, and to all, the acceptable year of God.*'"

The old man veiled his thin hands, while the boy stole gently up and wiped the tears away, as they fell between his withered fingers.

"And for this Christ ye are willing to be enclosed in this vault, whieh is at onee your common temple and your eommon grave"—the aged slave exclaimed, as his bosom was rent by sobs—"I am old; death is but the pang of a moment to me. But you, Mother, with your babe upon your breast—can you endure the slow agonies of starvation? Days will pass, and nights, but here, shut in by one eternal night, you will only hear the wail of your child, and feel him tugging at your wasted breast. Can you endure this for Christ?—No—no—no! Deny this Christ, and gain the sunlight and the air of heaven!"

And with a tremulous lip the mother rose and eame forward to the light, and lifted her babe from her bosom. An hundred eyes grew dim with tears as the lamp revealed that sight. Her eyes were lifted to the leaden roof; and with her outspread hands she raised her babe above her head.

"There is sunshine, here," she said in a low, solemn voiee, "and here is Heaven!"

And then she plaeed her babe upon her bosom, and knelt beside the roek on whieh the old man stood.

"But you beautiful maiden;" eried the slave, flinging his hands over his white hairs: "You who are so young, so beautiful! Go forth! Beyond that iron

gate lies a glorious world, strewn with flowers. Go forth! Love—marry—yes, adorn the couch of the great Emperor—yield yourself to any shame—rather than linger in this place of death."

Gently the young woman glided over the floor of rock. She came in all her loveliness, and parted the brown hair aside from her voluptuous face.

"I am but young," she said, "and very weak, but Christ will be my strength. The cavern is dark and chill, but it is better to suffer in the cavern with those who are born to suffer, than to dwell in the palace with those who only live to kill."

She knelt beside the Mother, murmuring the name of the Felon who died upon the cross.

Then the aged slave, overwhelmed by his emotions, turned from face to face, and besought these people of the cavern to leave the place of death, and—by a simple word—gain the regions of the upper air. One by one, they passed by the old man and gave their answer.

"Christ, who died on the cross, said that all men were alike the children of God," exclaimed the negro, as he passed along—"I was but a brute before He spoke, and now I feel that I—even I—the negro and the slave—am a part of eternity."

And thus, one by one, they spoke—Soldier, Jew, proud Roman Matron, and woman of the common people—every voice mingled with some word of blessing, the name of the Felon who died upon the cross. It was as though that name, "Jesus the Christ," filled the cavern-world with sunshine, and even through the sky of rock, lighted up a way to a sky of deathless radiance—to a better world. There was a wondrous, yes, an awful power, in that name. Even the boy, whose rosy cheek did not witness more than ten years of life, shone with a new existence, as the name thrilled from lip to lip.

The aged slave wiped the tears from his eyes. Seating himself upon the rock, with the lamp by his side, he silently gazed into the faces of those human beings who encircled him. A thought as real as it was terrible, stood up before his soul, a vivid and tangible horror.

"No food, no drink! Here, shut up within these walls of rock, we are to remain until we die. This cavern will be the grave of an hundred souls. Death on the battle-field, death by fever, or by sword, yes, death by slow and lingering poison, were a blessing to a death like this. A day will pass—hunger will gnaw the vitals of these robust men. They will rend the air with curses. A second day! The fever of starvation will burn like liquid fire in the veins of these beautiful women. A third day—my heart dies in me, at the thought. The mother will feed upon the babe which now nestles on her breast. The negro, transformed into a demoniac, will rend the limbs of this maiden, and quench his thirst with her fevered blood. The cavern air will throb with shouts of fiendish murder; these men will fight with each other for a loathsome meal; eyes wan with famine, will glut over the dying pangs of sister, wife, and mo-

ther, and ere the last corse is cold, the mad grasp of starvation will tear it into fragments."

This was the thought which the aged Slave dared not speak in words.

But the Boy, watching the gloom which came over his wrinkled brow, and imparted a sombre lustre to his eyes, crept up to him, and said in a low voice—

"What were those words which you told us yesterday, when Nero pronounced our doom? '*Where two or three are gathered in my name, there* AM I, *and that to bless.*'"

There came a smile upon the old man's lips; he gazed around, with a cheerful, yes, a radiant look, and then exclaimed in an accent of singular rapture—

"Brothers! Sisters! Children! Listen while I tell the history of our Lord. When HE was stretched upon the cross; when the sky above him was dark, and the earth beneath him shook, as though its heart was rent and torn, in sympathy with His agony—then I was there—I heard HIS words—I saw HIS face —"

These words pronounced in a low voice, brought a soul into every face.

They listened to the history which the old man told, and hung upon every word, as though every word was worth the price of a world.

II. LUCIUS THE SYBARITE.

While the history falls from the lips of the Slave, let us traverse the darkness of this cavern, let us pass beyond the Iron Door, which fills the narrow crevice at the cavern's mouth. What do you behold? A chamber, or a cell, furnished in a style of voluptuous splendour. Here, far beneath the earth, far below great Rome and Nero's Golden Palace, we behold a scene, worthy of Nero, in his most sensual hour.

The cell is not very large, but the rude walls are hidden by silken hangings, whose pale red hue, reminds us of daybreak in an Italian sky. A fire of cinnamon and citron wood, built in a crevice, chases the damps away, and fills the cell, with a misty incense and voluptuous perfume. The very atmosphere of the place, breathes of sensual languor.

A lamp fragrant with perfumed oil, and extended by the hand of a marble Venus, fills the cell with soft and rosy light. There is a couch in the centre, a couch of luxurious purple, strown with sweet-scented flowers, and near the

couch, a table of blood-red marble, with a golden goblet gleaming from its surface. The richly sculptured cup blushes to the very brim, with wine—wine such as Nero drinks, when he plans some joyous murder—and around are grouped the richest viands—viands such as Nero ate, when he feasted beside the reeking corse of his Mother.

The occupant of the cell? Behold him, reclining on the couch, one hand touching the stem of the goblet, while the other lifts that cluster of golden grapes, between his eyes and the light. Is it not a glorious picture of youth and health? Did painter ever paint, did sculptor ever carve, a nobler image of manly beauty? His fair complexion and Roman features, are relieved by hair and beard, whose colour reminds you of sunshine or of gold. His eyes are large—set far apart—and blue as the serenest sky. There is a warm sensual glow upon his cheeks; his lips, parting as if with some voluptuous Thought, speak the warmth, the luxurious appetites of his being. His limbs—beautiful and graceful as those which the sculptor gives to Apollo—are disposed in an attitude of animal repose; you never saw a more perfect ideal of the Sybarite.

Then his attire; attire in fact, that Nero might have worn, when he saw Rome in flames, and merrily hurled some hundreds of base fanatics, into the vortex of the amphitheatre, by way of atonement for his own deed.

A tunic of purple clothes the prominent chest of the young Lord, and falls to his knees. Over this tunic, he wears a long robe, whose light azure is sprinkled with points of gold. Around his neck a scarf whose soft crimson, only makes his snow-white throat, seem more pale and woman-like.

And this is the Lord Lucius, the friend of Nero, who has agreed to tenant this luxurious cell, hidden beneath the foundations of Rome, until ——

But the story must be told in the gay soliloquy of the glorious Sybarite:

"By Apollo and by Nero," he exclaims, swearing by his favourite Gods. "'Twas a merry wager! I am to act as sentinel, before yonder iron door, until these fanatics are starved to death; or until the fairest of them all, the Maiden whom Nero desires for his bed, shall deny her Madness, and solicit the mercy of the Emperor."

He speaks of the pure Maiden, with the voluptuous form, whom we left in the awful cavern, kneeling at the feet of the aged Slave.

"Sylvia is beautiful. Sylvia is young. Sylvia's veins are fired with patrician blood. In that door, huge and cumbrous as it is, there is a smaller door. How long will it be, ere Sylvia's hands pushes aside the smaller door, and Sylvia's face shining through the aperture, glows into new loveliness, as her sweet voice, denies her new God, and prays for Nero's Mercy? Not many hours, by Nero and Apollo!"

He smiled, and devoured the golden grapes one by one, and suffered the blood-red wine to glide slowly down his throat, until his veins were inspired with a luxurious warmth.

It is a beautiful contrast.

Here the perfumed chamber, and the young Lord, attired in robes of purple, with wine-cup in his fair hand —— and yonder—only separated by an iron door, one hundred human beings, who have already commenced their own funeral hymn.

A wondrous iron door!

On one side, youth, luxury, rich food and gorgeous apparel, all embodied in the form of a solitary MAN —— on the other, cold damp, starvation, a hundred men and women and children, dying by inches under a granite sky.

Does this amaze you? Reflect. Think only for a moment. What is the great world itself, but a luxurious chamber, and a charnel-vault, only separated from each other, by an Iron Door, sometimes called Custom, Law, and often in a lively way, Religion?

One man feasts in the perfumed chamber. This is the Rich Man. Meanwhile one hundred men and women and children, starve to death in the charnel-vault; die by minute agonies under a sky of rock; die in darkness, their groans, softened by the Iron Door, affording sweet music to the Rich Man in the next chamber. Of course, these hundred, are the Poor,—the Poor—only the Poor.

Suppose the HUNDRED were some day to fling their weight against the iron door, and burst into the chamber, where the ONE is feasting—feasting so deliciously? But you must never suppose anything like this; avoid such blasphemy. For sometime the Rich Man, tired of his feasting, tired of the very monotony of sensual enjoyment, arises from his couch, and slides back the smaller door—in the great Iron Door—and looks in upon the slow death of the hundred starving ones. Protected by this huge Iron Door, he looks through the crevice, and tells the children of starvation, how religious, how legal it is, for them to starve. How well it harmonizes with the organization of society. How beautiful it is, considered simply as a moral spectacle; and how touching as a model of the picturesque, for painters and sculptors. May be he sneers at their agony—or, drollest joke of all—details some pleasant Theory, by following which, they may escape starvation, and while he tells his Theory, they only the more surely starve to death. The Rich Man is benevolently jocular. These starving ones, it is true, want no Theory; advice is but a poor kind of bread; Philosophy a sorry sort of roof-shelter; they want only one practical effort, one deed alone, and that —— THE THRUSTING ASIDE OF THE IRON DOOR.

The Rich Man knows this; but —— shall he share his luxurious chamber, with a hundred of his brothers and sisters? Speak of it, write of it, utter it in the faintest hint, and you shall see your Rich Man grow pale and shiver, as he covers you with curses, and bids you starve, Infidel, Socialist, Dog and—Poor Man—that you are.

There is a world of meaning in this IRON DOOR. Only gaze upon it for a little while—only feel the luxury on one side of it, and the starvation on the other—only, I beseech you —— behold the Charnel and the Chamber, which

it separates, and you will regard it as a kind of dumb Preacher, who has a word, for all mankind.

Sometimes the Rich Man, looking through the crevice, or wicket in the great Iron Door, tempts some starving wretch to deny his God and then uncloses to the miserable Iscariot, all the warmth and luxury of his own chamber. And the man, relieved from starvation, opens the wicket and sneers at his late companions. Sometimes—again—a Rich Man, who is not altogether drunken with the atmosphere of wealth, wishes to unclose the door, so that every one of the Hundred, may come forth, and share his viands, and taste of his comforts, but then there are always other Rich Men, on the alert, who keep their Brother from a foolish thing, and securely close the Iron Door, and bolt it fast.

Of all things in the world, let me beseech you, to study the Mystery of the Iron Door.

But let us return to Lord Lucius, the Roman Noble, the friend of Nero who has agreed to guard the Iron Door, until the Hundred have denied their Christ or starved to death. A mild glow stole o'er his face, as the luscious wine pervaded his blood, and rising from his couch, he glided gently to the Iron Door, and bent his head close to the wicket. A low murmuring sound, came through the huge mass of iron.

"Starvation has begun its teachings," murmured Lucius—"Since sunrise they have been without food, or drink, and it is now——at least in the upper world—near sunset. A thousand pieces of gold that the beautiful Sylvia will deny, and beg for mercy, and a thousand more, that fifty out of the hundred will follow her example! The wager was made at our last debauch. I shall win!—hark! Murmurs already—By Jove and all the gods, I shall win!"

The murmur came, without ceasing, through the Iron Door. Long the gay Lord listened, until at last, his curiosity induced him to push aside the wicket. He looked through the crevice and saw—an hundred human beings dying, in horrible tortures?

No. He saw them, kneeling around the aged Slave, who told them, in a low voice the words and deeds of a wondrous history.

The history of God— not *a* God, nor one of the *Gods*—but the history of God, who made the earth and stars, and who embodied the fulness of his Godhead, in the form of a Man. Not the form of King, Rich Man or Priest, but the form of a Carpenter's Son ——

Lucius looked through the aperture, and saw the dim red light falling upon that circle of silent yet radiant faces, with the Aged Slave in the centre, the Boy at his feet, and the beautiful Maiden by his side. And Lucius found himself strangely interested in the History:—

How God took upon himself the form of Toil, and lived for thirty-three years among the sick, the suffering and the Poor, and died at last upon the felon's Cross, so that the Poor might have their portion of this earth, and a sure hope of Life in a Better World.

Lucius, the Lord, heard something like this from the lips of the Slave, and closed the wicket. He sat him on his couch, and fixed his eyes on the floor. Near his hand the goblet, but it was untouched. Thoughts as new as they were wonderful, began to stir in his sensual brain. The history, told by the old Slave, filled him with an indescribable emotion. A God, not like the Gods of Greece and Rome, who even excelled Nero in falsehood and debauchery, who were Gods only for the Rich, but a God who took upon himself a Poor Man's shape, lived for the Poor Man, and for the Poor man died in horrible agony. Lucius the Lord began to think.

"And they will starve to death for the sake of this God! They—the men and women—the hideous and the beautiful—the slave and the noble—they will starve to death together? Will they?"

Lucius drained the goblet, but it seemed to him as if the wine was bitter with the blood of an hundred human beings.

"More wine, Slave," he called, and through the hangings his Slave came from an adjoining chamber and filled his cup, and then disappeared like a ghost. But the wine was nauseous. The very viands seemed stained and dotted with the blood of the Boy, who knelt in the cavern, at the feet of the old man.

Lucius slept, and when he again unclosed his eyes, a murmuring sound stole on his ears. Again, to the wicket. The lamp in the cavern was dying away, yet by its waning light he saw those wan faces still grouped about the white-haired Slave. Again he listened. The story of a Rich man who came to the Christ, and besought Life Eternal at his hands. '*Sell all thou hast and give to the Poor, and follow me.*' Lucius gazed through the crevice, even as the light of the cavern flickered and went out, in darkness, and saw an hundred faces lifted to the rocky sky, and heard an hundred voices mingling in a joyous song.

The voices of Sylvia and the Boy, mingling with the tones of the Mother, the Negro and the Slave. A hymn, pealing to the cavern roof, every burst of solemn and yet joyful melody, ending with His Name, the Christ of Calvary!

The Lord Lucius closed the wicket with a curse, and flung himself upon the couch, and steeped his soul in wine—more wine—untill the cell spun round, and his drunken shouts drowned the echoes of the funeral hymn.

Thus, in that city of the dead, passed another day, while Nero in his Golden Palace, sat waiting for the coming of Lucius and—Sylvia. And in those gloomy caverns, where Night was eternal, the hours of the second night dragged on, while the gay Sybarite was wrapt in drunken dreams.

The third morning dawned on Rome, and in the cell the fire of sweet scented wood was re-built, the lamp replenished, the goblet filled once more with glorious wine.

Staggering from the couch, and passing his hand over his forehead, the Young Patrician took new garments from the hands of the silent Slave, and arrayed his noble form in gayer, richer attire; listening all the while with fixed intensity. But no sound came from the cavern. The Iron Door no longer gave

passage to softened echoes. That world of caverns and shadows, was breathlessly still.

Lucius dared not approach the Iron Door. Seated on his couch, with his teeth set, and his hands clasped on his knees, he listened all day long, his soul devoured by a gnawing restlessness. Did the unnatural silence fill him with terror? Did the Thought of the old Slave's History come to him, and enfold his heart with a fiery Doubt, a half-formed Hope? Once he started up toward the Iron Door—his hand was on the wicket—but he sank back upon the couch, gazing upon the floor with leaden eyes.

"Curses upon the wager," he groaned, biting his lips, "and curses on these mad fanatics, who have provoked the vengeance of our Gods!"

That is, curses upon the wretches who have forsaken the Gods of the Rich for THE GOD of the Poor.

It was a sad thing to see this young Lord so unhappy, when there was luscious wine before him, a perfumed atmosphere around; here delicious viands, and in prospect, the smile of NERO. The third day and the third night dragged horribly onward. There was no sound at the wicket; not a single wretch of them all tapped at the Iron Door.

"It is the Fourth Day," cried the young Lord, bounding from his couch, and receiving new and gayer attire from the hands of his dumb Slave—"At sunset Nero will be here, to learn the result of our wager. Nero will descend into the bowels of the earth, eager to glut his eyes with the disfigured corses of these fanatics. It is many weary hours until sunset —— would this infernal play was over."

Then with all his soul the young Lord listened. He even advanced to the Iron Door; may be laid his cheek against its chill surface. Not a sound, not an echo; neither voice nor footstep; all was dumb and still as though a living thing had never passed the hopeless portals.

Shuddering, LUCIUS, the friend of Nero, drew back the wicket and looked within. All as dark as night eternal. Hark! There is a sound—is it a moan, a curse, or a prayer? It is a Name!

"Sylvia come forth!" shouted the Sybarite with a cheek like death—"Come forth; life awaits you!"

No answer—only the murmur of a Name.

"Come forth, one and all—come forth slave and noble! There is life and food for all beyond the Iron Door."

Still the murmur of that Name was all the answer, which greeted the Young Lord. But the air, which came through the unclosed wicket, breathed of the Dead. It mingled with the perfumed atmosphere of the luxurious cell, and assailed the senses of the Sybarite with the odours of the grave. He closed the wicket and sank back on his couch.

For hours he sat with his blue eyes—and they were dull and leaden now—fixed on the floor, and his clasped hands laid upon his knees. That terrible

Doubt, that glorious Hope, were fighting their silent and awful battle in his heart. A Doubt in Jupiter and Nero the Gods of the Rich—a Hope in Christ the Redeemer of the Poor!

At last he rose, and as his cheek grew pale and his lips set firmly over his clenched teeth, announced a stern and immovable resolve, he took the perfumed lamp from the hand of the marble Venus, and with all his strength threw back —not the wicket—but the Iron Door itself, and with a firm step entered the Cavern.

He held the lamp above his head, and steadily advanced toward the central rock, panting for breath as the deathly atmosphere encountered his nostrils, while the cavern roof, gloomed sullen and vast above him. Soon he reached the central rock and looked around.

Death in an hundred shapes was there. Wasted cheeks, skeleton forms, eyes dull and leaden—these met his eye, wherever he turned. The baby was dead, upon the dead mother's breast. The Maiden lay cold and shrunken beside the Matron; and the Negro on his knees, with his cramped hands clasped together, seemed praying, even after Death. Pitiful it was to see the Boy, so like an image of marble, which the damps have tarnished, resting his head against the rock, with his glassy eyeballs fixed on the cavern roof. The foul atmosphere of the cavern had anticipated or hastened the slow agonies of famine; they had died almost at the same gasp; they were there, alone with each other, in that earth-hidden City of the Dead.

Erect and breathing, amid those hundred corses, stood the Young Lord, his eyes expanding and gathering new brightness, as he surveyed the cold faces and fixed eyeballs, while the light shone upon his golden beard and tinted the curls of his golden hair.

"They are dead," he exclaimed, "Sooner than deny the Felon who died upon the Cross, they have met death in this hideous form—"

"They are not dead," said a voice which penetrated the heart of Lucius, and filled him with a creeping terror—"They have only entered into life."

Before him, gaunt and withered, yet still alive, rose the Aged Slave, whose eyes, fired by the approach of Death, gave a supernatural glare to his face, while the cavern air slowly lifted his white locks from his forehead.

For a moment the terrible Doubt and the glorious Hope, struggled in the heart of Lucius, and his face became fearfully distorted.

"Tell me the History which you told these starving ones," he said, falling on his knees before the Aged Slave—"Tell me of this Jesus, who came in the guise of toil and suffering, and said that all men were the children of one God."

III. LUCIUS THE CHRISTIAN.

At sunset NERO the Emperor came down into the eavern city, surrounded by a crowd of laughing favorites, and, gayly appareled as he was, entered the luxurious cell, which was separated from the Charnel Vault by the Iron Door. NERO was a young man, with mild blue eyes and soft golden hair; he had lived all his life on the Rich Man's side of the Iron Door, whieh divides the great world; wealth without a limit and power without a bound, had converted a human being into an Inearnate Devil.

"Lueius, my friend, where art thou? Show me these Christians living—or let me behold them dead! Lucius! By the Body of Baechus, if you do not appear, I shall swear that you have turned CHRISTIAN yourself!"

"At this the favorites laughed merrily; they were eourtiers; the jests of Emperor, Pope, or President are always appreciated by eourtiers.

The Iron Door opened, and LUCIUS the friend of Nero appeared on the threshold. The Emperor started as he beheld the pallid countenanee of his friend. Great was his astonishment, when the young Lord silently stripped the splendid garments from his form, and stood with his foot upon those folds of purple adorned with gold.

"They were purchased with the agony and blood of the Poor. Shall I dress my limbs in purple and gold, when my Master was without a place to lay his head; and even now, his brothers and sisters, the Poor, have no eoueh, no home but the grave. NERO, strip those robes from your limbs, for every thread is stained with the blood of a human heart. NERO, Emperor of the World, you have grown drunken on the agony of your brothers; you have made laughter of the death-groans of the Poor; you have built your Golden Palace upon human corses! NERO, repent, or the Master will arise and avenge his people—the Poor!"

These words, pronounced in a low voice, and yet with a clear bright eye and radiant forehead, filled the Emperor of the World with a mingled sensation of laughter and terror.

"Is it Lucius that I behold?" he cried, "'The Master!' Of whom do you speak?"

Then answered Lueius the Roman Lord, as he stood upon the threshold of the Iron Door—one hundred corses at his baek, and Nero before his eyes—

"I speak of Jesus of Nazareth, who took upon himself the form of suffering and toil, so that all men might indeed be brothers—that the Poor Man might dwell in peace in the world, and have his portion of the earth and its fruits—

that no one should grow rich on his brother's shame and agony—that all alike might have a hope of immortality after Death."

No wonder that Nero and his favorites shook with laughter and terror, as they heard words like these from the lips of Lucius the Sybarite.

Not many days after this scene, the luxurious cell, stripped of its gorgeous adornments, presented a far different picture. A half-naked man, seated on a block of stone, awaited the stroke of the Executioner's sword.

The half-naked man was Lucius the Sybarite: and in the Executioner we behold a man of oriental features, whose face, resembling an inverted pyramid, gradually diminishes from the broad forehead to the sharp-pointed chin, while the eyes, deep sunken in their sockets, shine with a sombre and malignant lustre.

"You are willing to die for this Faith," said the Executioner, as he examined the edge of the sword. "It is only one sweep of my arm, and you are clay! You cannot believe that this Faith, which derives its life from a Felon's Cross, will ever make any progress in the world? *Now*, it is only the creed of a few miserable outcasts, who skulk in these caverns, beneath the foundations of Rome, ashamed to meet the light. Where will your faith be, ten—eleven—twelve—thirteen—fourteen—fifteen—yes, I will say—sixteen centuries hence?"

The young Roman raised his eyes, and surveyed with an indescribable feeling this strange man, who seemed determined to taunt and jeer the victim whom he was about to slay.

"Sixteen centuries hence," said Lucius the Christian, raising his brilliant eyes as he bared his neck for the sword—"This Faith, for which I am about to die, will have encompassed the globe, and raised mankind into one great Brotherhood. At that epoch there will not be a Priest, or a King, or a Rich Man left upon the face of the globe. The lands will not be held by the FEW, for the MANY to make fertile with their sweat and blood. Every man will dwell on his own land; or else men, as brothers, will live in community, like the early followers of the Lord, for whom I am about to suffer. Sixteen hundred years hence, the faith for which thousands have been rent to pieces by wild beasts; tens of thousands put to death by the cord, the cross, the sword, or by the slow pangs of famine—this faith, baptized by the blood of martyrs, consecrated by the heroism of women and children, who have gone to death with the name of 'JESUS' on their lips—this faith will have won its last victory over tyranny and avarice in every shape, and then —"

Lucius sank back, like one in a dream, and felt no more.

[It is here proper to observe that the Tradition on which this history is founded, at this point of the narrative indulges in a wild and improbable superstition, peculiar to the early ages of Christianity, and manifested in various forms. The idea of this part of the tradition seems to be, that the power once called MAGIC, and now called MAGNETISM, can hold a human being in a state between life and death for an incredible number of years. This state (such is the supposition) may be a continued TRANCE, in which the body remains torpid

while the Soul is active. A very well-accredited story is told of a German Physician who secluded a criminal in a subterranean chamber, having first reduced him to unconsciousness by means of magnetism, with the determination to permit him to remain in that Trance or Torpor for a certain period of years, when he was to be restored to sensation once more. Something of this character seems to be hinted by the original tradition; leaving us to infer that LUCIUS was placed in this state of Trance by his Executioner, and that this state continued for a prolonged period. The object of the Executioner may be guessed from the sequel of the history. We will accept the improbable tradition as a matter of fact, and base the concluding scenes of this narrative upon the machinery afforded by this old Legend.]

We cannot refrain from recording an incident which took place in the Catacombs about the middle of the Tenth Century.

Some Roman peasants, who had descended into this vast World of the Dead, inspired by reverence for the memory of the Martyrs whose bones were hidden there, discovered a nook or cell, far removed from the main passages of the vaults, in which a marble altar appeared, with a Corse reposing on its surface. They only gained access to this cell by removing a solid wall; and when their torch lighted up its gloomy confines, they were astonished at the even temperature of the place, which was characterized by a pleasant medium between the extremes of cold and heat.

The Corse extended upon the altar presented every appearance of Life. It was the body of a young man, whose golden hair and beard encircled a countenance marked by the regular features of classic Rome. Around his breast and limbs clung some fragments of the ancient Roman costume, and a Medal, bearing the face of NERO, was suspended from his neck. He seemed absorbed in a pleasant slumber; a faint color was on his cheek, and a life-like hue about his smiling lips. Yet, when they touched the Body, it was stiff and cold as marble. The peasants, awed and affrighted by the spectacle, hurried from the vault, and carefully placed the stones again before its mouth, sealing it forever from the light and air.

One Peasant asserted that he saw the Corse move by the last gleam of his torch.

But the throng of his comrades went thoughtfully from the Catacombs into the upper air, remembering a strange Legend which they had heard from their grandsires—a Legend of a Roman Martyr, who had been ordained to sleep within these caverns, in a Trance alike removed from life or death, for the space of sixteen hundred years or more.

Can the Body remain in a state of Trance while the Soul goes forth to inhabit, for a while, another Form?

†III. LUCIUS THE ARISEN.

When Lucius the Roman awoke again he was assailed at once by a three-fold sensation of cold, and weariness, and hunger. He had fallen asleep with the singular face of the Executioner before his eyes; he awoke in darkness and in cold. With extreme astonishment he discovered that his attire had been stripped from his limbs. His wonder deepened into something between Memory and Awe, when he extended his hands and felt the walls of a narrow cell, whose rocky ceiling encountered his head as he passed along.

"Nero has condemned me to die by starvation," he groaned; "I am buried alive."

It seemed to him that two or three days had passed since he was thus entombed; and again a strange fancy came over him, that his Soul had passed through many forms and existences since the hour when he beheld the Executioner, while his body had remained cold and unconscious in that cavern vault.

This two-fold Consciousness produced a singular struggle in the mind of Lucius.

After much thought, he discovered a winding passage, which seemed to lead to the regions of the upper air. He followed the mazes of this passage for an hour or more, and at last—naked and cold as he was—emerged from the darkness into light, and stood silent and wondering, on the threshold of a miraculous spectacle.

He had passed through a trap-door, and now he stood near a lofty pillar, in the shadows of a Temple, whose dome resembled a sky. A dark robe, which lay at his feet, soon clothed his naked limbs, while its hood concealed his face. He was free to gaze in silence, upon the sublime expanse of that colossal dome, which blazed with ten thousand lamps.

The place was thronged with a countless multitude, attired in singular apparel, and they bowed with one accord, before a MAN who, dressed in flowing robes, spread forth his hands before the great Altar of the Temple. Behind this Man, appeared the golden Image of a Felon, stretched upon a golden Cross.

Lucius was dumb with wonder.

He drank in the overwhelming sublimity of the scene, and shrunk into the shadows of the pillar, gathering his hood over his face, as he gave vent to his feelings, in these words:

"It is a new mockery of the Emperor Nero," he said. "The other day he built the Golden Palace, and,—as if by sorcery—he has raised this wondrous Temple. But the Image of the Crucified—what does it here? Ah, he means to make a jest of Christ and his poor followers; I comprehend it all. And there

stands NERO himself, dressed like a Pontiff, and worshipped by the kneeling million."

At this moment Lucius beheld a figure draw nigh, attired in a robe and hood, similar to those which he himself had assumed.

"Tell me," he said, in the language of ancient Rome, "tell me, friend, what does this mean? I have been absent from Rome for a few days. Explain to me this last fancy of our Emperor Nero."

"You speak excellent Latin, my young friend," returned the dark figure, in a dialect which grated harshly on the young Roman's ear: "Excellent Latin, and therefore I can forgive your idle jest."

"Jest!" echoed Lucius—"Will you have the goodness to inform me how many years have elapsed since the foundation of Rome? Now," he murmured to himself, "we'll see who's dreaming."

The answer of the darkly attired figure was singular:

"You must be aware, young sir, that this is the year of Christ, FIFTEEN HUNDRED AND TWENTY-FIVE. You stand in the TEMPLE OF CHRIST, dedicated to the blessed St. Peter. These, whom you behold kneeling, are Christians; and yonder is the POPE, the Representative and VICAR of CHRIST upon earth."

And the stranger passed hurriedly onward, for he believed that the young Roman was making sport with him.

Lucius heard his words, and started as though a chasm had opened at his feet. He surveyed the sublime dome—the splendid worshippers—the Vicar of Jesus in his gorgeous robes—and a sigh escaped his bosom.

"This the Temple of that Jesus, who knew not where to lay his head!" he gasped, and walked sadly along the aisle, in the shadows of the great pillars.

Suddenly a tall figure, with eyes fired by a malignant and yet laughing lustre, confronted the young Roman. LUCIUS recognized his EXECUTIONER.

"You wished to behold Christianity after the lapse of sixteen hundred years," said this Personage, while an infernal radiance seem to radiate around his lofty forehead: "Your wish is gratified. You wear the gear of a Monk; here is gold. Take staff in hand, and search for the Religion which you heard preached in the Catacombs in the days of Nero. When your heart grows sick of that which you behold, then come back to your cell in the cavern, and you shall fall asleep once more."

With these words the Executioner was gone. Lucius had ceased to wonder. He was possessed by a Two-fold Consciousness once more.

"My body has slept for centuries. My Soul has in the meantime passed through various forms and existences, of which I can only be dimly conscious, while I wear this grosser form. The Enemy of Mankind, who derides Christ, has been permitted to exercise a limited power over me—for a season only—in order to test my Faith, or to expand my knowledge of the Truth. Yes, I will go forth; I will traverse the world; wherever I go, I will behold neither Tyrant nor Priest, but a family of Brothers and Sisters, who cherish in their souls the

Jesus of Nazareth. As for this temple, why, it is rich and gorgeous, but that is because there are no Poor left on the face of the earth. Come, Lucius! Gird up thy loins for a pilgrimage in pleasant places."

Shall I tell you how Lucius, the "Arisen Dead," went staff in hand through Italy, and shall I picture the scenes which he beheld?

Popes, Priests, and Kings, elevated into a horrible Godhead, while the great mass of mankind were brutalized into Devils. For the Pope a Palace, for the Priest a Shrine, for the King a Throne; palace, shrine, and throne, all gorgeously erected upon a foundation of corses; and for the Poor——

They still remained on the other side of the Iron Door. For every Rich Man who feasted, there was an hundred men and women and children who starved. This was Italy in the year of Christ fifteen hundred and twenty-five.

Sick at heart, Lucius, the Wanderer of the dead centuries, ascended to the summit of an Alp, which divided the beautiful plains of Italy from the great forests and rivers of the German land.

"Lord," he cried, kneeling amid ice and snow, and stretching forth his hands toward the beautiful sunset Heaven: "Thou didst take upon thyself the form of an humble Mechanic, so that thy People, the Poor, might enjoy their portion of this earth and its fruits, and grasp a Hope of Immortality in the Other World. And yet, Lord, after fifteen centuries, thy Body is crucified afresh, in the form of the Poor Man, who is mocked and murdered, every day, by new Herods and new Pharisees. Does thy Church yet exist upon the earth?"

And even as he spoke in this repining tone, it seemed as if a veil was lifted from his eyes, while he saw and heard, with the refined senses of a Better World.

For even from that mountain top, he saw innumerable huts, tenanted by miserable forms, who sang a low anthem, with a chorus in these words: "We are in the Cavern still, O Lord of Nazareth; we starve, we die on the dark side of the Iron Door; but thou wilt in thine own way unbolt the Iron Door, and bring us into Peace and Home."

Lucius wept. Something so holy there was in this rude anthem, sung, at once, by a million wretches, whose voices ascended from all parts of the globe.

And even as he knelt upon the mountain top, a Voice came to him saying—"Thou, who hast been called Lucius the Roman, shalt be called by that name no longer. With the new life, that has come to thee, take thou a new name. Once called Lucius the Roman, know thyself henceforth as Adonai the Arisen."

And Lucius knew the voice, that spoke not so much to his external senses as to his soul,—his higher Life. And he knew the name which was given to him, and felt in all his being, its true meaning. And thus kneeling as Lucius the Roman, he arose, filled with new strength, as Adonai the Arisen.

Adonai took his staff and wandered on. It was Germany which looked glad upon him, from its forests and hills and glorious Rhine.

"There is a great Reformer here,"—these words were told to Adonai by the wayside: "He preaches the real Gospel, as it was preached in the days of old."

Therefore, Adonai one day ascended a mountain crag, and penetrated into a cell, where sat a jocund man, with a Bible by his side, a pen in one hand, and a flask of cheerful wine in the other.

"I —," said the jocund man, whose good-humoured face was always marked by a hardy earnestness—"I am Martin Luther. I preach the Gospel of the Bible. I preach against Popes and Monks, and all other delusions of Anti-christ. I —"

Adonai knelt down and kissed the hem of Martin Luther's garment. But at this moment there came through the opened casement of Martin Luther's chamber, a roar like the sound of many waters.

Adonai looked forth, and beheld a vast multitude, who, clad in the veriest rags of poverty, lifted up their ten thousand hands and voices in supplication to the great Martin Luther.

"We declare in the name of Christ, that we will no longer be treated as the Property of our Lords."

Thus the Peasant spoke with one voice, and their wives and little children joined in their common prayer.

"We demand that our sweat and blood shall be no longer extorted from us, in the form of grievous Rents, unjust Taxes, and intolerable Tithes.

"We demand that the lands which have been stolen from us, by trick, by custom, and by law, shall be restored to us, for that land we and our fathers have bought with blood and tears, with hopeless labor and bitter slavery."

Then came a chorus, chanted like an anthem:

"All men are alike the children of God. 'Jesus, by his precious blood, has redeemed all without exception, the shepherd as well as the Emperor.' Every man hath a right to a place where he may toil, and a right to the fruits of that toil."

And, last of all, men and women and children lifted up their voices to Martin Luther:

"Martin Luther, hear us! Hear us in the name of God! Thou hast preached the freedom of the soul. Now, do thou preach the freedom of the body, for the souls of millions have been lost, because their bodies were loaded with the chains of Poverty; because their hearts were pierced with the fang of Hopeless toil."

Adonai wiped the tears from his eyes, for it was exceeding pitiful to hear the Humble prayer of those Peasant People swelling through the casement of Martin Luther's cell. He watched the Reformer with great earnestness.

Martin arose, unbolted his casement, and looked forth upon the multitude.

"Enough it is for you that I preach spiritual freedom," he cried in angry tones—"The body is born to suffer and die. Suffer on, my good friends; obey

your lords; in the next world you may have your foot upon their necks. Suffer—suffer—suffer! But do not dare to revolt against your Lords—'*Revolt has never ended well*,' and if you fight against your lords, '*you will be everlastingly lost, body and soul*.'"

Thus speaking, Martin Luther closed the casement, and sat him down to write a terrible Thesis against the Pope.

As for Adonai, he buried his face in his hands, and bit his lip, and endeavored to crush the writhings of his soul.

"Thou a Reformer!" he cried at last, as he stood pale and quivering, before the astonished Doctor Martin's sight. "Thou!—Thou hast attempted to leap a chasm, and instead of landing on the opposite side, thou hast settled down in its depths, amid its very filth and mire! There is no such thing as Half-Way in the Gospel of God. The whole Gospel, the very mystery of Life and Death is wound up in the simple question—'*How shall we give to Labor its proper fruits?*' Thou canst attack Popes, demolish Antichrist, and prate of Real Presence in a Sacrament, but thou art a very Coward, when the Poor Man's cry comes through thy casement.'"

"Avoid thee Satan," gasped Martin, seizing his ink-stand.

"Thou dost talk of spiritual freedom, to Men whose bodies are hacked and lashed and chained, whose very souls are rusted away by the curse of hopeless and landless labor! Come,—Martin—be a man—be altogether great. Pass the Iron Door which divides the Rich One from the Poor Hundred. Preach now—at once—the sacred rights of labor to its reward—of the Poor Man to a Home—of all men to a just share in this world's fruits, and to Immortality in the next. Martin, I say, Arise! There is no Half-Way in the Gospel uttered by Jesus of Nazareth!"

"But there will be rebellions, revolts, seas of carnage," faltered the Great Reformer, somewhat impressed by the harsh eloquence of the Wanderer: "The Poor will rise as one man and slay the Rich——"

The answer of Adonai was full of meaning:

"As long as men, like thee, preach to the Poor the falsehood of a bestial submission to the Rich—so long as Men, chosen of God to give voice to the Poor Man's agony, prove false to their sacred trust—so long will the efforts of the Poor, to free themselves, resemble only the struggles of a blinded giant, who rushes from his cell, and, knife in hand, mangles everything in his path."

Martin was convulsed with the throes of an anguish which almost resembled madness.

"I am fearfully tempted," he faltered.

"No—no—thou art only great enough for Half-Way," said Adonai, as his Two-fold nature imparted the gift of Prophecy: "Thou wilt die, with only half of thy work achieved, and men will wonder, oftentime, as they sit withering in the kennels of the world—whether it had not been better for Man hadst thou never worked at all. *Until labor is rewarded, and man is encircled by*

circumstances worthy of his destiny, this world will only exist for superstition and bloodshed.

"Behold, friend Martin, some of the results of Half-Way!"

And then, gifted by his Two-fold nature with Prophecy, the Wanderer revealed unto Martin Luther certain scenes which congealed the Reformer's soul.

He showed him first, John Calvin lighting the faggot of Servetus with one hand, while the other embodied on paper the most malignant shape of Heathenism linked with something of Christianity—the body of a beautiful Woman chained to an ulcerous corse.

Next;—an innumerable army of men, who, clad in black, glided like shadows over the face of the globe. These shadows were connected by an invisible but adamantine chain. They were joined together in an awful work; it was their task to transform human souls into "LIVING CORSES;" they even attempted to imprison the Divine Soul of Jesus, in a fearful statue, which crushed and mangled every one who came within its iron arms.

"And *this*, Martin Luther, *this* will strangle thy Reformation over half the world."

Then came an incredible revelation of a time when the HUNDRED should hurl their weight against the Iron Door, and put the ONE to death, washing their mad hands in his blood.

"This is in France, Martin Luther. Before two hundred years are gone, the Cry which the Peasants sent through thy casement shall be echoed again, by the slaves of a world, and answered by twenty years of ceaseless Murder."

And Martin Luther, sick of Half-Way and its horrible results, sank back fainting in his chair, while Adonai the Wanderer returned to his cell in the Catacombs, and slept again.

IV. THE HARBINGER.

In the year 1822 he again arose, his Soul having once more returned to inhabit his Entranced body. Staff in hand, and in the guise of an humble man, he went on his second pilgrimage, anxious to discover, whether, after the lapse of eighteen hundred years, the Gospel of Nazareth lived upon the face of the earth.

It was a sad journey, which he made over desolated Europe. He cast one glance upon the sixty thousand skeletons of Waterloo, and then surveyed the

new Nero on the throne of England, and the dead Napoleon in the grave of St. Helena. These were but a few of the results of "Half-Way." Adonai, conscious of his Two-Fold existence, left the field of Waterloo, and came to Paris, and ascended into a garret, where an unknown man was sitting in his loneliness, encompassed by the manuscripts which he had written in a lifetime.

And the heart of the Wanderer swelled within him, as he remarked the sad, stern, yet loving countenance of the Hermit, who was more alone in the great city of Paris, than an anchorite of the first century in the midst of Arabian deserts. It was a face that fixed your gaze, with its forehead like a tower; its eyes full of Christ; its mouth firm yet smiling as if with a mingled Hope and Fear.

"And while the whole world for twenty years has been busy at Murder," said Adonai, "Thou hast been waiting in silence at the tomb of Jesus, sealed for eighteen centuries, watching for the Resurrection of the Lord."

The Solitary one gazed in the face of Adonai with a mournful smile.

"In other words, for twenty years or more," resumed Adonai, "thou hast communed with thine own heart, and silently received the Truth, at the Tomb of Christ, and placed it in words upon these sheets of papers. Is it so? Thou wouldst preach once more the Gospel of Nazareth? Thou wouldst re-organize the social system? Thou wouldst win the Rich Man from his eminence of crime and lift the Poor Man from the kennel of his despair, and link Rich and Poor in one Sacrament of Brotherhood? Thou wouldst restore to earth the Communion of Saints—yea—thou wouldst take the scattered Members of the Body of Christ, and make them live again, in a divine Union? Is it thus? Who cares for thee? Who heeds thy silent work? Who looks into the dust and shadows of thy cell?"

And the Solitary veiled his face in his hands for a moment, as if subdued by the words of Adonai—for vast and Godlike as were his labors, there was scarcely a man in the great City of Paris, who knew him, or cared for him, or even glanced upon the strange things which he had written. He had no gold to buy Reviewers. He was no courtier, to ask the smiles of Rich Men. But still the Solitary raised his forehead from his hands, and, won by the Love manifested in the eyes of Adonai, he answered with a calm glory radiating over his face.

"My work is not for a day, nor for a year, nor for a nation or a race, but for MAN and for ETERNITY."

He then stretched forth his hands and began to tell Adonai the Thought of his life. "Labor can be so organized as to render it ATTRACTIVE. *Armies of carnage have desolated the earth—Armies of Industry shall make of it the Garden of God.* The HUMAN RACE is ONE. *You cannot wound a single member without, at the same time, wounding the whole Body.*"

Upon Thoughts like these the Solitary based his system of Regeneration. He did not ask the control of a nation for the commencement of his Reform,

but only a Township of land. He did not wish to reconstruct the Pyramid of Society by one magical effort, or by commencing at the top; but by adding pebble to pebble, and working from Foundation to Summit. In a word, the same Harmony which God has established in a Universe of Worlds, (the Solitary contended,) He had also established in the great Family of Souls.

But it is in vain for me to attempt to compress in a few abrupt sentences, the sublime Gospel which the Solitary poured into the ears of Adonai.

"This not only unbars, but completely demolishes the Iron Door," said the Wanderer, as his mind reverted to the Catacombs: "Nay—it rather converts the Chamber and the Charnel into one, making the charnel a Home, with an equal distribution of the mere luxuries of the chamber. It destroys the eternal war between the One and the Hundred; it lifts the leaden roof from the Charnel; it buries Guilty-Wealth, beneath the fallen Door, and, instead thereof, writes on the charnel walls, Wealth for all. In a word, this discovery unseals the tomb of Jesus. Lo! The Lord is come from the sepulchre; he has been coffined too long, by a leaden theology and a Moloch civilization; he comes, and with him, the Gospel of the Poor. Behold, children of suffering, sons of labor, behold the Arisen Christianity."

And the Wanderer went back to his cell in the Subterranean World, beneath the world of Rome, and slept again.

Yet ere he departed from the garret of the Solitary one, he had whispered in his ear, the mystery of his Two-Fold Life, concluding with these words:

"When thou art dead, Harbinger of the Lord, I will return once more—once more inhabit this form—and look upon the results of the Arisen Christianity."

Deep within the Catacombs sleeps the Entranced, motionless as death, and yet with a smile upon his marble face.

And shuddering, there stands the Executioner, fearful that the Entranced will rise again, and go forth for a third time, to behold—not an earth devoured by Kings, Priests, Rich men—but a world new-born, kneeling as one man at the feet of the Arisen Christianity.

V. THE YEAR 1848.

It was in the year 1848, when the snow was white upon the meadows of the nothern land, that the Entranced, sleeping in the shadows of the Catacombs, once more unclosed his eyes, and sighed like one who is disturbed in the midst of a pleasant dream.

And he arose, and came forth from the vaults of the dead, and stood on a hill side, at the mouth of the Cavern World, with Rome smiling in the sunshine at his feet.

The Executioner came to his side, and the same light, which showed the face of Adonai, calm and blooming, and encircled by golden hair, also revealed the visage of the Executioner, swart and haggard, with a cowl dropped over his troubled brow.

"Thou art troubled, friend," said Adonai—"Twice have I arisen, and twice been greeted by thy sneering laughter and triumphant eyes. There is sadness on thy face—I miss thy scornful words—"

And the Executioner pulled the cowl partly over his face, and said in a sullen tone—

"Go back into the cavern and sleep again. Thou hast nothing in common with the People of earth. Go back and sleep,—and let thy Soul return to the purer form, the happier being, which it has left, for this dull shape of clay and this dread world of dust."

And Adonai wondered much within his Soul, at the trouble and unrest of the Executioner.

And while the dark form stood at his side—a thing of gloom in the calm sunshine—Adonai turned his eyes towards Rome, and a saw a vast multitude of People, raising their hands and their voices to a MAN, who surveyed them from the height of a lofty balcony.

"It is the Pope," said Adonai, "and these are his worshippers! Alas! Alas! There is still a gilded canopy over his head, and a carpet of slaves beneath his feet!"

But at this moment, the cry of the vast multitude came to the lips of the Arisen:

"There is no longer in Italy, in Rome, Catholic or Heretic, Gentile or Jew!" this was the People's cry: "We are brothers; for the Christ is Risen, and the Poor have risen with the Master, and the world which was dead, stirs with life, and over all the earth is heard the Gospel of the Lord!"

Adonai felt his heart dilate within him, while the Executioner at his side trembled within his black robe, and hid his face deeper within his cowl, and tore his flesh with his hands.

But Adonai looked once more upon Rome, and the sight which he beheld made his Soul glad, even as with the throb of an eternal joy.

He saw the Pope come down from his balcony, and tread the gilded canopy under his feet, and walk among the kneeling multitudes—even among Catholic and Heretic, Gentile and Jew,—and he said unto them all, "My Brothers!"

And the face of the Pope smiled and glowed as with a ray from the Sepulchre of Jesus, as his voice pronounced these words: "My Brothers! Behold how pleasant it is for us to dwell in Unity."

And the Pope knelt in the midst of the People—even upon the fragments of

his broken canopy—and lifted up his voice with their voices, and they all gathered around a Wooden Cup, and a crust of Bread, and partook together of the Sacrament of Brotherhood.

At the same moment, Adonai saw a vast army of men, who resembled shadows, departing from Rome, their faces bowed upon their breasts, and their black robes darkening over the glad landscape, as far as eye could see. They walked one by one, and seemed unto Adonai, like an army of dead people, aroused into a mockery of life, by the hand of the Evil One. And as they glided sullenly along, their banners, on which were written words of sinister meaning, trailed in the dust, and a tall form, who was attired in the mingled gear of a Monk and Soldier, passed along their ranks, showing his corse-like Face unto every one, and speaking in every ear, some phrase of bitter scorn.

"My children," he said, "Ye are indeed worthy of your Founder! Know ye not that I built the Altar of your Power, even by changing a million human hearts into stone, and now—what do I behold? After centuries of lordship, such as earth never saw before, ye depart from Rome! Rome! your Paradise —Rome the Heart of your Glory!"

And the army of shadows answered in a sullen murmur—

"O Loyala our day is Past, for lo! the Christ is Risen!"

—Even before the eyes of Adonai, certain of the shadows glided from the ranks of the sad army, and turned their steps toward Rome, and took off their gear of sorcery, and became living Men again.

"They also partake of the Sacrament of Brotherhood," murmured Adonai, "and yonder, shrouding his corse-like face in his monkish robe, and placing his hand upon his rusted sword, yonder stands Loyala, gazing bitterly upon that Rome, which was once the seat of his Power, but which is now forever forbidden to him and to his Living Corses!"

Then Adonai turned to look upon the Executioner, and saw him grovelling on the ground, like one whose sinews are convulsed by cramp, and his Face was fearful to behold, for the eyes, deep sunken, were encircled by streaks of livid blue, and from the black lips started drops of blood and foam.

"Go back into thy tent and sleep again," he howled in his agony. "This earth is not worth a single look from thee. 'Tis but a miserable world—a very, very wretched world."

And a smile played over the face of Adonai, and in the light of his blue eyes the sunshine of Another World beamed brightly.

"Nay, I will not return until I have followed the footprints of the Arisen Gospel," he said—"Thou hadst the world for thy delight a very long time. Does thy dominion pass away?"

And at the feet of Adonai there was a garment such as was worn by the peasant people of the days of Nero, very rude in outline and course in texture, but there was no blood upon it nor was it enriched with stolen gold, for it was the Tunic of Labor.

"If thou must journey over the world," groaned the Exccutioner, "then take this garment—for the frock of the Monk and the purple of King are passing away—and this Blouse of the Poor Man will soon be the only Royalty left upon this miserable globe."

Adonai put on the Blouse, and its mingled hues of blue and grey, looking somewhat like the dawn, gave a new charm to his smiling face with its blue eyes and sunny hair.

And Adonai left the Exeeutioner in his agony, and passed over Italy, attired as he was in the Poor Man's Blouse, with a rough staff in his hand. Everywhere a sight wonderful beyond the power of words awaited him. Everywhere the multitudes of mankind were in motion, doing heartily the work, to which the Arisen Gospel called them.

In one plaee was a Poor Man knocking at the doors of Royalty, with the humble tools of his daily toil, and saying, even to the King, who sat shuddering within those golden doors—"It is Day at last, O King! wilt thou come forth and look upon this beautiful Dawn, or wilt thou continue to sit within thy palace doors, and still endeavour to deludc thy soul into the belief that it is yet Night?"

And the King, frightened and pale, with fear of the New Day, unclosed his palace door, and said "This Day is indeed beautiful!" but at the same time endeavoured to create Night again, with the smoke of his cannon.

But the light of the Day, fought with the darkness of the eannon, and the King—either bound like a Murderer, or forced to fly like a savage beast—confessed with curses that it was indeed Day.

Adonai did not pause to pray upon the top of the Alps, for he felt that Deeds were praying over all the World, and that the prayer of mere words had passed away.

He wandered through the hills of the German land, and heard thc song of the Gospel, wherever he went, and Martin Luther raised his head from the grave as he passed along, and saluted the Wanderer—

"Ho, friend Adonai, so HALF-WAY is dead at last," cried the jocund reformer—"'Twas a fearful devil that HALF-WAY. He beguiled me, somewhat, when I was of earth, and sometimes spat in my ink-stand, but now he is indeed dead. May his sleep be sound."

Adonai eame to Paris. It was night when he drew near the gate. As he was about to enter, he met an Old Man, whose false hair could not hide the snows of eighty years, whieh lay thiek and eold upon his brow. The Old Man was elad in the Poor Man's blouse, and he ran like one pursued by savage beasts, and as he fled, he endeavoured to grasp a Rope of Sand, whieh fell to pieces as he elutched it.

"Old Man thou dost weep and grasp a Rope of Sand, and yet the Blouse of Labor is on thy limbs?" thus spoke Adonai—"Dost thou fear for the Poor Man? Hath the Poor Man's wrongs driven thee mad?"

And thc Old Man paused, with a frightened look, and his wife and children camo weeping to his side.

"An hour ago," he said, "I was King. For eighteen years I ruled France. The Poor Man had placed me on the Throne, and upon the corses of his Brothers I swore to be faithful to the Poor Man's cause. But when I felt myself firm upon the Throne, I forgot the Poor Man, and studied night and day the Alchemy of Kings, which transmutes the sweat and blood of the Poor into Gold. I obtained the secret of this Alchemy on one condition. So long as I kept together this Rope of Sand, so long was this Alchemy to serve me, and fill my chests with gold. Therefore I glued the separate sands with blood—blood which I took from the jail and the scaffold, and the field—the blood of Martyrs who died in the Poor Man's Name. I set my Alchemy to work. I had Rich Men, who called me Saint! and cried Live! as they aided me in my Alchemy. To every HUNDRED POOR, there was ONE RICH MAN; and the ONE was my agent, driving the HUNDRED into a Charnel, where they slowly died. Day after day homes were desolate in France; day after day widows and orphans beheld new widows and new orphans weeping by their side; day after day, I gathered a harvest of dead men; and into my Alembic poured a continual current of human blood and tears. This blood and these tears always came forth from the fire, in the shape of yellow and beautiful Gold, and in the course of eighteen years, I kept the Alembic at its work, and built the fire anew, and saw the process of Transmutation go merrily on."

He paused, and made an effort to gather the sand at his feet, and then resumed in a tone of deep sadness—

"But an hour ago, this Rope of Sand, which I glued with the blood of martyrs, suddenly went to pieces; and from the Alembic, started the ghost of the ten thousands, whose blood and tears had fed its fires; and through the casements of my palace, came the cry of a Million of the Poor, who with arms in their hands, shouted without ceasing, 'It is Day, it is Day! The Iron Door has fallen! The HUNDRED have arisen, and the ONE turns pale at the sound of his own funeral hymn!'"

"Therefore," continued the Old Man, getting on his hands and knees, and grasping the scattered sands in his withered fingers, "Therefore I put this Blouse upon me, and—alas! alas! I have no blood to glue this Rope of Sand!"

Adonai murmured, "Did I not know that Nero was indeed dead, I would think that he stood before me, with the burden of hopeless age added to his lust of human blood."

Then he left the Old Man to gather the Rope of Sand, as he might, and came into Paris, where the blackness of the night was turned to red, by the glare of a burning throne.

Many and strange were the sights which greeted him at every turn.

There came a rude tumbril, moving slowly by the light of torches, and to the tramp of thrice ten thousand feet. Around it were mothers who wept not, and orphans who had no tears, and widows who sang to the chorus of innumerable voices. And yet the slow moving cart was crowded with corses—the dead Son

of the Mother, the Father of the Orphan, the Husband of the Widow. These all, and many more of the People's dead, slain by the OLD MAN, were in the cart, their white faces looking like red marble in the torch-light.

And as the vast multitude moved slowly on—the cart piled with the dead, shining brightly in the midst of the black mass—this was the Song, which was sung by the voices of men and women and children:

"*Behold our dead and rejoice! Look on their icy faces, but do not weep! For they died the death which our souls desire.* IT IS GOOD, IT IS SWEET FOR ONE'S COUNTRY TO DIE."

Then through a dark street, lighted by a single torch, a WHITE STATUE, (borne by a solitary man,) moved slowly on, above the heads of innumerable Outcasts, who knelt as it passed along, and said with streaming eyes—

"Uncover Brothers! It is the Master—of us all!"

It was a marble Image of the Christ, taken by the Poor from the halls of a Palace, which they had ravaged, with their ten thousand arms.

VI. THE MEN OF FEBRUARY.

Now Adonai passed on through the streets of Paris, and everywhere beheld the faces of the dead. It was as though the Angel of Death had overshadowed the city, and with a breath withered ten thousand of the living into dust.

In an open space, near a Royal Palace, a group of men were assembled with torches in their hands. The earth beneath them was slippery with blood. They were encircled by bodies of the slain, piled up in heaps, like bales of merchandise before the door of a warehouse.

And the first of these men, whose high forehead and large beaming eye attracted every gaze, was a Historian and a Poet—a Poet of the Heart, in his History, and the Historian of the Heart in his Poetry. The voice of Propheey, uttered years before, from the cedars of Mount Lebanon, had designated this Man as one destined for a great work; not only for France but for the world.

He was called LAMARTINE.

And the second, was a man of a robust form, and a face at once florid and comely, lighted in every lineament, by the indications of an unfaltering will. For many years, this man had stood up before the King, and told the Old Man that the Iron Door was crumbling fast, for the Hundred had rested their united weight against its bars.

And the people knew him, as their Tribune, LEDRU ROLLIN.

And in the shadow of his stalwart figure, stood a man of insignificant form, but of a lofty forehead, and eyes that flashed steadily, with the light of a great Soul. This was LOUIS BLANC, who had put the agony of the Poor on paper

and printed it in a book, which spoke to all kings, in a voice more terrible than the tread of the armies which were gathered at the infernal feast of Waterloo.

There was a Woman by his side, who had written down the shames and wrongs which her sex had suffered at the hands of a remorseless civilization. And as the world would not hear of woman's wrongs from a woman's lips, she had been forced to speak in the name of a dead martyr, and therefore she was called GEORGES SAND. There was an Author—dressed somewhat gaily—who had spoken to the People, in the parables of fiction, and crushed the Living Corpses of Loyala, by evoking from the abyss of ages a sad and terrible spectre, the Wandering Jew. This EUGENE SUE was at one time a man of fashion and of pleasure, but the voice of the People's woe had pierced the twilight of his voluptuous chamber, and he had obeyed that voice, and arisen and said to Rich Men, "Ye must have a care for these starving ones, or they will have a care for your throats!"

And with these Prophets of the Poor were gathered certain other people, belonging to that singular order of human beings, who seem to have the form without the soul of humanity; who will adore God or bow down to the devil, as they are paid; who will either howl with the sufferers or cry hail to the oppressors, as they are directed by their faith in Gold their Saviour.

Among this class stood prominent a certain one named THIERS, who had helped the Old Man in his infamy, and was now willing—for a proper price—to aid the People in their regeneration.

And these persons, assembled by the light of torches, in the open space before the Palace, were conversing earnestly together, as Adonai, mounting over the piles of dead, drew nigh and listened to their words.

"What form of Government will be best for France, now that Old Man is gone?" asked one.

"We will have Two Chambers," suggested another.

"And a President; yes, a President who will embody the dignity of France in his own person?" asked a third.

"The President will have Ministers," continued a fourth—"Ministers must be paid."

"There will be excellent salaries," said Thiers, skipping about, for he was an exceeding little man. "We can govern Nine-Tenths of France by giving offices, and palaces and titles to the One-Tenth. 'Tis a glorious revolution!"

But Lamartine, Ledru Rollin, Louis Blanc, Georges Sand, and Eugene Sue, listened in silence. Adonai much desired to hear them speak, but while the Men of Money were conversing they never once unclosed their lips.

"And I also have a plan for the government of France," said a shrill voice, and every one in the group started in surprise, as a man utterly unknown to them stood in their midst.

Adonai looked upon this stranger and saw that he was clad in neat attire, but

with a sackcloth hanging from his shoulders, and a white cloth bound about his mouth and lower jaw.

And he raised his thin fingers, now to the sackcloth, endeavouring to keep it upon his shoulders, and now to the white cloth, which seemed about to fall from his face. Even as Adonai looked, drops of blood started through the white texture of this cloth, and dripped, one by one, and drop by drop, on the breast and the head of the unknown man.

Above the bandage, spotted with blood, appeared a forehead heavy and bold, with eyes discolored and bloodshotten, glimmering from the shadow of prominent brows.

"I too have my Plan for the government of France," said this Man. "But stay—I have left it at home. Have you no Messenger whom I may send for it?"

And they all looked upon this man in wonder, but not a voice replied.

Then the Unknown bent down, still clutching the white cloth with one hand, and pointed with the other to the body of a dead Lacquey, which, attired in the Royal Livery, lay at his feet.

"This is my Messenger," he said, and placed the dead Lacquey on his feet, supporting his body against the heap of corses. "Go thou to my home,"—he whispered in the dead man's ear—"and bring to me my Plan for the government of France!"

But the dead man stirred not, and some of the spectators shuddered, and others laughed, while Adonai drew nearer, awaiting anxiously the end of all this.

The Unknown fixed the cloth about his face, and taking tablets from his breast, wrote upon one, "Thou livest," and pinned the tablet to the breast of the dead Lacquey.

"Now do thou depart, and do this work for me," said the Unknown, while fire began to burn in his eyes. "Can it be that thou dost not hear me? Away I say—do this message—have I not placed thee upon thy feet, and written on thy breast 'THOU LIVEST'?—what say ye my good friends?" he continued, turning to the astonished group—"Saw ye ever a dead man so obstinate, so stupid, before?"

Murmurs now arose, murmurs of laughter and fear, and Thiers said with gravity, "This Man with the White Cloth is Mad!"

However, the Unknown, without heeding their murmurs, began to strip the gay livery from the dead Lacquey, while the blood continued to fall drop by drop from the cloth which bound his jaw.

"Dost thou rob the dead?" said Lamartine.

The Unknown answered not, but kneeling in the midst of the group, began to attire the dead Lacquey in plain apparel, which he had taken from the body of another corse.

Then writing another tablet, "I sware thou livest" and fixing it upon the

breast of the dead, he placed him on his feet again, saying,—"Now depart and do my work!"

Every eye beheld the Lacquey, attired in plain garments, with the words, "I SWEAR THOU LIVEST!" glaring from his pulseless breast; and every eye also beheld the Unknown, with the blood dripping from the white cloth which bound his jaws, while a sad fire began to flame from his bloodshot eyes.

And the dead Lacquey stirred not.

"By all the Oaths which I have broken in eighteen years," said Thiers, "This Man of the White Cloth is mad!"

But the Unknown raised his hands, spotted with blood, and said to the spectators, in a mild voice—

"Is it not enough to drive a man out of his senses? Saw ye ever so foolish a dead man? Attired in Royal livery—he moved not. Lo, I have dressed him in plain apparel, and written 'I swear thou livest!' on his breast, and yet he will not budge an inch! And thus it is that my Plan for governing France is lost to you, my beloved friends."

As he spoke, Lamartine gazed fixedly upon his forehead, and into his bloodshot eyes, and uttered a deep sigh. Then Lamartine whispered in the ears of Rollin, and Blanc, and Sand, and Sue, and they all joined hands and stood apart, leaving Thiers and his companions to converse with the Unknown.

Adonai never once removed his gaze from this scene, which, lighted by torches, had a vague and spectral look.

Once more the Unknown stripped the body of the dead man. It lay there, cold and stiff, with the light shining upon its bare limbs and leaden eyeballs. Then while the blood continued to drip through the white cloth, the Unknown drew from the shadow of his sackcloth a galvanic battery, which he applied to the corse.

And the body of the dead man started up in horrible convulsions, flinging abroad his arms, while sparks of fire were emitted from his eye-balls, and his face was distorted in hideous laughter.

"Now, depart and do my work!" said the Unknown, as the dead man stood erect, ghastly and quivering—"Bring for me this Plan of mine for the government of France!"

But as he spoke, the dead man fell to the earth, and was stiff and cold again.

Then cried Thiers, skipping to and fro like a dancer, "By these Eighteen Faiths, which I have professed in eighteen years, this Man with the White Cloth is possessed of a Devil!"

The companions of Lamartine were silent and pale. As for Lamartine, he surveyed the forehead of the Unknown and sighed. He looked upon the blood-spotted cloth and shuddered.

"He is mad; by our lives he is mad!" shouted the companions of Thiers.

The Unknown arranged the sackcloth on his shoulders. He held the cloth

about his jaw by the outspread fingers of his right hand. The blood started between each finger and pattered upon his breast. There was blood in his eyes.

"And am I mad?" he said in his shrill voice—"Then what are ye? Behold, the Social System of the world is a corse. Ye have taken this corse and clad it with Royalty, and bade it 'Go, and do our work!' But it moved not at your bidding, although you swore that it was alive, and even pinned 'Thou Livest' upon its dead breast. Then ye have stripped the royalty from its limbs, and clad it in plain republican gear, and said, 'Now depart and work for us!' Has it moved one inch for all your bidding? Has the republican attire given one throb of life to its limbs? Yea, ye have even affixed to this corse some republican constitution, which proclaimed '*I swore thou livest!*' But still the dead is dead, and it mocks you with its leaden eyes. And last of all, with the galvanism of some bastard Philosophy, ye stir the corse into a horrible but momentary life, and say, 'Depart and work!' But ere your words are cold the convulsions cease; the dead body is at your feet again, sneering in your faces, with a marble scorn. Am I mad? Am I possessed of a Devil? Then what are ye, my beloved ones?"

"What art thou?" cried Thiers.

VII. THE NAME OF THE UNKNOWN.

The Unknown placed both hands upon the cloth, and endeavoured to quench the blood, which now poured in a stream. When he spoke again his voice was thick and almost inarticulate:

"When you can put Life into the veins of that corse," he muttered, "then talk of giving Heat and Motion to the carcass of a Dead Social World."

The White cloth fell; with it the lower jaw, hideously shattered, sank on the Stranger's breast. He stood before them baptized in his own blood.

Then, while the hearts of all were cold with fear, Lamartine said solemnly:

"*It is Robespierre!*"

"Who," shrieked the terrible Phantom, as he placed his foot upon the breast of the dead man, "Who shall give life to this corse? I attempted it some years past, and in the effort made my name infamous through all time. Who shall give life to it now?"

There was silence, and men heard the beatings of their hearts, when a mild voice exclaimed:

"Jesus of Nazareth."

Robespierre, bathed as he was in his own blood, turned and saw the face of the speaker. It was Adonai the Arisen.

Then his eyes, so hideous to look upon, became clear and luminous, and he turned to the throng, saying, as the blood ceased to flow, and his face, which seemed re-created, was agitated by a subdued smile—

"Ye have heard!" and then he departed into the shadows, and no one dared follow Robespierre to his resting-place beneath the Guillotine.

But the eyes of all were now centered upon the face of Adonai, who said to them all, "Why do ye stand in silent wonder here, when the Arisen Gospel is abroad? Come with me!"

And they followed him.

He led them through Paris, up a dark stairs, into a deserted garret.

It was strewn with books and manuscripts.

"Here the Harbinger of the Arisen Gospel thought and wrote for thirty-five years. Read!"

And Lamartine, and Sue, and Sand, and Blanc, and Rollin, bent down and read the words of the Harbinger.

But Thiers and his companions, seeing that no provision was made by the Arisen Gospel to provide them with titles and palaces, at the expense of the Poor, departed cursing bitterly.

Then said Adonai unto Lamartine:

"Read! What is True of Christ! What is not True belongs only to the weaker part of Man, his mortal body. Yet read, and learn, for in the pages of the Harbinger ye may see the face of the Arisen Lord!"

Whether Lamartine and his companions heeded what was written—or whether they were too weak for their great work—is it not recorded in the History of the Year 1848?

VIII. ADONAI VISITS THE NEW WORLD.

As the sun was setting, a young man gazed from the deck of a ship, which sailed alone in the midst of the trackless ocean, and turned his blue eyes with a thoughtful earnestness toward the West.

Around him stretched the world of calm waters, and above him the world of cloudless sky. Sky and ocean looked warm and golden in the light of the declining day. A solitary star, trembling on the verge of the vast horizon, shone with a mild lustre as the sun went down.

And while the sun was sinking, the young man, with his hands clasped and his eyes filled with tender light, still kept his face toward the West, and looked far over the waters, like one who sees pleasant images in a waking dream.

It was Adonai, on his way to the Land of the New World.

"There, at least, the Gospel of Nazareth is preached unto the Poor. There, at least, while the Old World is given up to the throes of Revolution, the Arisen

Gospel walks divinely among millions of happy homes. There, at least, in the land of Penn and of Washington, shall we behold a free people, dwelling in Brotherhood, without a single slave to mar their peace, or call down upon their heads the vengeance of God. Hail, Land of the New World, set apart by God as the heritage of the millions who toil! Hail, thou Palestine of the human family, to which the tribes of the Poor may go up freely, and dwell in the very Shekinah of Brotherhood! Hail, Land which the Men of Plymouth, and the Pilgrim of the Delaware, and the Catholic of Baltimore, planted hundreds of years ago—land watered with the tears of Revolution—made holy by the deeds of Washington—rich with the harvest of Martyrs' blood—land of the Gospel, the heart within me swells, as far over the waters I descry your blessed shores!"

Thus it was that Adonai lifted up his voice, as the sun went down, and night came silently on over the world of wave and sky.

For he had left the old world, with the words of Lamartine in his ears, "*The name of Washington is not so much the name of a man, as it is the holiest synonym of Liberty.*"

And for many days and nights Adonai gazed earnestly over the waves, yearning with all his soul for a glimpse of the New World. At last he caught sight of its shores, but did not set his foot upon the sacred soil until the ship anchored, one winter evening, in the waters of the Potomac.

The other passengers of the ship had wondered much at the sight of Adonai, attired in the blouse of Labor, and were much impressed with love of his mild countenance, lighted by eyes of tranquil blue, and shaded by locks of golden hair. But now, as the ship swung at anchor, while the sunset rays streamed over her Banner of Stars, they were surprised beyond the power of words, to see the young stranger take staff in hand, and depart alone. They watched the little boat into which he had descended, until it glided from the sunshine into the shadows which slept beneath the high cliffs of the Potomac.

But Adonai bade good-bye to the oarsman, and stepped ashore, as his heart gathered emotions too big for utterance.

He was alone, in the shadows of the great rocks.

He bent down and gathered a handful of sand, and sprinkled it upon his golden hair, saying in a low voice, like the voice of one who prays:

"Thus I baptize me with the dust of this sacred land! Sacred, because it is not trodden by the foot of a tyrant or a slave!"

Then Adonai, ascending from the shore, came upon a wide lawn, which, green and flowery in summer time, was now white with drifts of new-fallen snow.

And at the end of the lawn stood a stately mansion, whose windows glittered like burnished gold in the last rays of the setting sun.

Adonai, with bended head, entered the Home of Washington, and sat him down in a spacious chamber, whose furniture was covered with the dust of many years. It was a place of calm twilight; the hearth was without fire, and the curtains of the bed waved to and fro with a tremulous motion.

"Here Washington died," said Adonai solemnly.

For a long time he sat there, in the dark and stillness.

But at last, impelled by the same influence which had guided his steps to the New World, he arose and said—"Washington, I will even visit thy grave, and say a prayer amid thy dust."

And it was so, that Adonai for a time lost the consciousness of a Two-fold life. Or, if the consciousness came to him at all, it only came in broken gleams. He was but an humble laborer, clad in the blouse of Labor. It was his task to journey over the New World, and gaze upon the fruits of the Labors of Washington, and the brethren of Washington. He was, for awhile, but a Man of the World, although glimpses of his life of eighteen centuries streamed in upon his soul like the words and faces of a dream.

He was led by the invisible influence to the Grave of Washington.

It slept where, under the light of the winter stars, a gentle knoll, crowned with cedar and cypress trees, and with the sacred ashes of Washington within its breast. It was far down in a secluded place, where a perpetual stillness brooded night and day, and as you came near it, you felt your heart dilate at once with love and awe.

Adonai entered the gate which arose amid the sombre trees, and descended into the vault, where the ashes of the dead slept in a coffin of stone. All was dark; but the heart of Adonai, through the darkness went out from him, and mingled in sympathy with the ashes of the Hero.

Presently a pale lustre shone through the gloom, and revealed the narrow vault, and shone upon the stone coffin. That lustre also disclosed the face of Adonai, as sinking on his knees, he laid his hand upon the coffin and uttered a prayer.

Then Adonai saw the coffin unclose, and the ashes began to stir with life. And right before him, encircled by that luminous lustre, arose a dim and shadowy Form, whose mild eyes were fixed upon the face of Adonai.

"It is Washington," said Adonai. "He comes from the dead. He arises to walk the earth, as in days of old. He will journey with me over the land of the New World. Hand in hand we will go together, and look upon the harvest of his labors."

Then a low voice was heard through the stillness—"It is even so. I will go forth with thee, in bodily shape, and together we will survey the land."

"What shape wilt thou assume?" asked Adonai. "Wilt come in the garb of Royalty, or wilt thou appear in the attire of Wealth, with the voluptuous odors of luxury clinging to thy garments?"

"I am permitted to return to earth on one condition. If within the borders of this land there shall be found One Man dying by the pangs of hunger, or beneath the lash of oppression, I am permitted to inhabit his form, and thus go forth with thee, clad in the veriest rags of wretchedness."

"But," said Adonai, "through all the borders of this land, there is not one who cringes beneath the tyrant's lash, or dies by the slow agonies of famine—not one—not one. How then shall I meet thee, Washington?"

"Then I cannot come back to earth again," said the voice, and Adonai felt that the light over the Coffin was fading fast. "But in the course of thy Pilgrimage, shouldst thou encounter this Suffering One—dying of hunger or the lash—then thou mayst know that in truth my Spirit has entered that breast of anguish and despair."

"O, Washington, tell me," said Adonai eagerly, "for what end didst thou pass through the battle and the fire of Revolution?"

The brightness had faded, but through the darkness a low voice was heard, and Adonai listened with all his soul:

"The Lord called me when an Orphan child. He spoke to me in the accents of a Mother's Prayer. He led me into the Wilderness, where I heard his voice in the roar of the cataract, in the sound of the thunder, in the howling of tempests, but most of all, in the awful stillness which came down upon the untrodden forests in the dead of night.

"And amid the scenes of virgin nature, I was hardened into an iron manhood. I knew not whither the Invisible hand was leading me, but I always felt, as boy and man, that there was a great work for me hidden in the womb of the future.

"This feeling became my Religion. It taught me to trust in God. It taught me to govern my fiery temper; to hoard up the strength of my nerves and the vigor of my brain. Many a time, in the lone wilderness, when dressed as an humble forester, I faced the perils of flood and fire, the wrath of savage men, and the anguish of days and nights of fever, has the consciousness visited me, *that I could not taste of Death until my work was done.* And the nature of this work for years was hidden in darkness. I was passing the noon-day of life. Then the voice of a people's woe came to my home, saying, 'We would be free—lead us to battle!' It was the work for which the Lord had prepared me, by the iron education of many years. I answered the call. I went through the battle and the flames of seven years' Revolution. When all was dark, and the hopes of ages rested upon a starving Mob, who, smitten by pestilence, hid their faces from the day in the huts of Valley Forge—even then I did not despair. God had called me to do his work—this was my Religion—and not until his work was done could I pass away. At last, when the work was done, I passed away, and my ashes mingled with the dust of ages."

This voice, speaking not so much with words as to the heart, penetrated Adonai with something of awe. And through the darkness Adonai raised his voice again:

"Tell me, Washington, for what end didst thou do this work?" he asked.

Again the voice was heard:

"The object for which I worked was not always clear to me, when my soul

was joined to my mortal body. But now, as I look forth with the eyes of Eternity, and survey my earthly life, as though it were the life of Another, the Object for which I worked, battled, and was willing to die, even upon a Gibbet, is clear as the noon-day sun."

"Tell it to me, and now," asked Adonai, humbly.

"Not now," answered the voice. "Not until I meet thee in bodily form, and we go forth on a Pilgrimage together."

Then the voice spoke no more, and Adonai remained in the darkness until morning light, pondering deeply by the Coffin of Washington.

IX. ADONAI ENTERS THE CITY OF THE DOME.

When morning light baptized the grave of Washington, Adonai arose and took his staff and journeyed whither he was led by invisible hands.

Like one who is bewildered by the images of a dream, he wandered on, through a dreary winter landscape, now among the leafless trees, and now by the river shore, where the rocks of granite and the rocks of ice mingled together, until toward the close of day, he saw the sun shining brightly upon a dome, which swelled into the cloudless heavens.

And it was so, Adonai spoke not a word to the travellers who passed him on the way, nor did he feel conscious that the faces of living men were gazing wonderingly into his own.

But absorbed in his own thoughts, he wandered on until he saw the Great Dome glittering in the setting sun.

And beneath the Dome, scattered over a rough space of ground, were lofty tenements rising from the banks of a turbid ditch, and edifices of brick and stone, resembling the palaces of ancient Rome, towered grandly into the air, with huts and kennels at their feet.

Pausing on the dusty roadside, where the snow had melted and exposed the gray earth, for a space of two or three yards, Adonai raised his eyes, and surveyed the Hamlet of Palaces and Hovels which lay beneath the Colossal Dome.

"There is not a cloud in the winter sky. This place, despite its contrast of Palaces and Hovels, looks beautiful in the sunshine. Let me hasten to yonder house and ask its name."

Through a wicket gate, and along a path covered with boards, Adonai passed until he stood before a small edifice, built of gray stone and standing among withered trees. The sun shone brightly upon its window panes, and even gave a cheerful glow to a high wall, which arose from one extremity of the edifice.

Adonai passed the threshold, and presently stood in a large chamber, where a

comfortable fire was burning. Near an oaken table, which was filled with bottles and glasses, sat a man of eheerful features, with his feet upon the stove, and his hands in the arm-holes of his waisteoat. There was a wreath of tobaeeo smoke around his smiling features, and a pipe in his mouth.

Adonai stood before him, dusty and wayworn, and yet the Man of the Plaee eould not help starting in his chair, when he beheld that youthful eountenanee, with its blue eyes shining in saddened thought, and its golden hair tinted by the afternoon sun.

"Do you want to sell or buy?" said the Man, before Adonai eould speak a word. Strange was it that the words "Sell or Buy" was the first greeting which Adonai reeeived in the land of the New World. Adonai gazed upon him with a look of blank wonder—but impelled by a voiee within him—answered with these words:

"First let me behold your wares. After I have seen them I will tell you whether I want to sell or buy."

Now in one part of the room the white wall was varied by a small square spaee, which looked like a easement eovered by boards. Adonai started, for the Blind Windows sunken in the thickness of the walls, reminded him of the Iron Door in the Cataeombs.

The good-humoured Man arose and opened the window, and said, "Look!" and blew a whistle which was suspended from his neek.

Wondering, Adonai advaneed. He looked through the aperture. He beheld a square yard, paved with stone, and surrounded by a massive wall, whieh was built with great solidity, and which east a gloom upon the spaee which it eneireled. Three sides of the wall were bounded by the dead wall, and the fourth side was also a wall, but piereed with windows and doors. The windows were eovered by iron bars; the doors looked as though they led into funeral vaults.

"Where are your wares?" said Adonai.

The good-humoured man smiled and blew his whistle, when lo! a erowd of men and women and ehildren, eame running through the narrow door, into the yard bounded by gloomy walls.

And they ranged themselves in a line before the eyes of Adonai. And Adonai saw that some of the men were black, and some of the women also, but there were many whose eountenanees were as fair as that of the good-humoured Man by his side.

The seene bewildered Adonai.

"I would see your wares," he said.

"These are my wares," said the good-humoured Man, smoking his pipe, and laughing merrily. "I will sell you that Man for eight hundred dollars. He is a stout fellow in the harvest-field, believe me. Or that Woman and her child for nine hundred dollars. She is a good housekeeper, and the boy is healthy—in a few years he will be worth at least four hundred dollars. Or I will sell you the Mother without the ehild for seven hundred dollars. Maybe you would like

to buy that stout fellow in the brown jacket? He can read and write, and can preach the Gospel, I assure you. He's a capital fellow to have on a plantation. Preaches the Gospel and keeps the Slaves in order."

Adonai felt his heart grow sick within him, and staggered back from the window.

"What is the name of this Land?" he cried, while a horror, too deep for words, distorted his face.

"America," said the good-humoured man, with a smile at what he thought the insane demeanour of Adonai. "America; the Land of the Free and the Home of the Brave. I am an American myself; born here. My grandfather fought under Washington, and fought for Liberty. Do you want to sell or buy?"

"What is the name of the city whose Dome shines brightly yonder in the sun?"

"WASHINGTON. Named after the immortal Washington who fought for freedom. Did you say you'd buy that Woman?"

"The name of this—" hesitated Adonai, at loss for a word to express his meaning—"this *house?*"

He staggered to the door, and laid his hand upon the lock, turning his face over his shoulder as he awaited for an answer.

The good-humoured man had sat him down and taken bottle and pipe, and was drinking and smoking away with great complacency.

"Stranger," he said between each puff of smoke—"I reckon your intellect is a little decayed. Don't you know that this house as you call it, is the Slave-Pen of the City of Washington?"

Adonai heard no more. He tottered from the house. He ran along the broad walk and gained the highway, lifting his hands to the clear sky, and muttering wildly these words:

"AMERICA! WASHINGTON! SLAVE-PEN!" For truth to tell, Adonai the Arisen never had heard before such a strange mingling of words. America, Washington, Slave-Pen! It was as though one had said Heaven, Saint Paul, Hell!—and in a single breath.

That night Adonai traversed the City of Washington. Leaving the Slave-Pen, he ascended to the Palace of the Republican Monarch, and from the Palace he hastened to the Capitol, where the Senators were in council. Nor did his journey terminate at the Capitol. He traversed the City that was above ground, and also traversed the city that was beneath.

And the sights that he saw, and the words that he heard, if written in a book, would not be believed by One man in Ten. And the Man who would write them in a Book would be starved to death, or suffered to rot in jail, or put to the torture at the stake.

For those sights and those words, enacted and spoken in the City of Washington, were a blasphemy upon every good thought which GOD has implanted

in the hearts of his creatures, and a blasphemy upon the truth and purity of God himself.

And it is to the honor of Humanity, that those sights and words would be denied belief, by the great mass of human kind.

* * * * * * *

But there were sights and words which may be described and written. Behold and listen.

* * * * * * *

Toward the break of day, Adonai, shuddering and cold, stood upon the steps of the Capitol, gazing upon the City, which extended—but did not slumber—at his feet.

The stillness and the gloom which rested upon the Capitol, was in strange contrast with the confused murmur, the flaring of lights, and the rolling of carriage wheels, which resounded from beneath.

The stillness was disturbed by a hollow laugh. And through the gloom strode a gaunt form with measured steps, and a swarthy face, lighted by fiery eyes, gazed in the face of Adonai.

"The Executioner!" exclaimed Adonai.

"Yes, it is even I—your companion of eighteen hundred years," responded the Executioner. "The Old World became too hot to hold me. What, with the Reforms and Revolutions, and Sacraments of Brotherhood, I had a troubled life of it. But this New World is the place for me. I like it much, and think of making it my residence for the Future,"—a smile, which made Adonai grow colder and paler, flashed over his sombre face—"Ho! ho! Friend Adonia, what think you of the Arisen Gospel?"

And with these words he was gone. He glided away, but Adonai heard his hollow laughter echo from the grounds beneath the Capitol.

X. THE ARISEN WASHINGTON.

Adonai saw a light, which shone from a narrow window, stuffed with rags and straw, across a bye-way of the City, not far from the Capitol.

Ascending a stairway whose every board creaked and moaned beneath his tread, Adonai came into a small dark room, where the atmosphere was heavy with the breath of a dying man.

A wasted form was stretched upon a miserable bed. A tattered coverlet thrown aside by lean and wasted hands, which picked incessantly at this covering of rags, revealed a muscular chest, whose bones only clad by the sallow skin, resembled the bones of a skeleton. The pillow was overspread with masses

of dark brown hair, wet with the dews that come thickly, in the twilight of death. And thrown boldly into view, by this loosely scattered hair, appeared an emaciated face, whose sunken cheeks and prominent brow seemed only to increase the intense brightness of its large glittering eyes.

The place was dark, and yet not altogether without light. An aged woman, whose gray hairs were veiled in a shawl, which fell from her forehead to her waist, held a small lamp, near the bed, and with a bleared and apathetic eye, watched the last struggles of the dying man.

A chair stood near the bed, and upon it books and loose sheets of paper were piled in confusion, as though the hand of the dying had been laid upon them, in the midst of a spasm. There was no fire in the small stove near the hearth.

It was altogether a cheerless place. A bed, a chair, a stove, naked floor and walls, an aged woman watching, and a young man dying; that was all that Adonia saw as he entered the room.

Ar[illegible] as Adonia drew nigh on tip-toe, the aged woman, attracted into confidence, no less by his humble garb than his youthful countenance, told the story of this death-bed in few words, broken by many sighs and bursts of tears.

The young man was a stranger. He had come on foot across many a weary mile of mountain and plain. A child of the poor, and full of thoughts which would not suffer him to rest, until he had written them on paper, he had journeyed to the Capitol, with the hope that some great man would smile upon him, and give him bread in exchange for the work of his brain. He had hired the room of the aged woman. She had heard his footstep on the stairs morning and evening, but never seen him, save when he came to pay her the little sum, for which she rented the room.

"And to-night I heard a groan, and came up stairs, and found him as you see. God help me! Is it not a pitiful sight? Has he a mother far away, think you? May be a sister is writing for him now, in some distant place?"

Adonia made no answer, but said in a low voice, "It is good for me to be here!" and knelt beside the bed.

For the place where Genius dies is sacred in the eyes of Angels.

And while Adonai was kneeling, the dying man spoke to him, in a low voice, which was faint and broken with the tremor of death:

"Weep not for me, for I am poor," he said—"Poor in this world and its goods, I feel that I am going home, to the mansion of my Father, who has called me early from this earth. Besides I have no business in this lower world. The man whose main and sole object is to make money out of the sufferings of his fellow men—he alone hath the right to live, he alone can possess the means of life. But I—forgive me, for the dream is past—I came to this Capitol of a Great Land, thinking much good of my fellow men, and wishing with all my soul, to take my pen, the instrument of their welfare. And now I am dying. The heart within me is broken. Broken every cord and tie of life. And the soul which could not live in the air of the world, will find space for its wings, in

the calm atmosphere of Eternity. Weep not for me! For had I lived, I would have called Vice by its proper name, even though it wore a Senator's cloak, and called Crime by its title, although it sat upon a President's Throne. I would have spoken for Man, even though he wore the fetters of a Slave, and hid himself from day, in the Felon's cell. And men would have cursed me, and blasted my heart with their scorn, and given my memory, as an offering at the anointed wrong. But now I die unknown—I die free—and happy—O, do you not hear those songs, which angels are singing? Hark!"

Reaching forth his wasted hands, he looked upward with his glittering eyes, and in a moment, fell back, beautiful and dead.

As the light fell upon his fixed eyeballs and livid cheeks, a smile hung around his lips, as though a spirit had kissed him ere he died.

Adonai kneeling by the bed, with his head buried against the ragged covering, gazed long and ardently into the face of the dead youth, murmuring these words, which he had heard in the Tomb of Washington:

"'*If within the borders of this land, there shall be found one man, dying by the pangs of hunger, or beneath the lash of oppression, I am permitted to inhabit his form*'—these were thy words, O Washington," said Adonai, gazing in the face of the dead.

Even as he spoke, the aged woman went sadly from that room, which, long the abode of want, was now the chamber of death. Ere she closed the door, she cast one glance back into the place, and by the waving light, saw the golden hair of Adonia touch the brow of the corse. For Adonai pressed his lips to the lips of the dead.

When the aged woman returned, both Adonai and the Corse were gone. The bed was there, still bearing the print of the dead man's limbs; and not far away, the dying lamp, shed its last and feeblest ray.

But Adonai and the corse had disappeared.

Then the aged one, impressed by a fear, which crept through her every vein, sank on her knees, exclaiming:

"God be merciful! For this night, with living eyes, I have looked upon Spirits from the Other World."

* * * * * *

Day was breaking over the Great Dome, but the shadows still rested upon the grounds, beneath the Capitol.

And there, by the fountain which tinkles evermore among the trees, stood Adonai, still clad in the blouse of labor. By his side was a young man, poorly attired, but with warm color on his cheek, and a full deep light in his eyes. He passed his hand over his broad pale forehead, turning aside thick masses of brown hair, as though he was endeavouring to recall some picture of memory. There was a strange doubt upon his face—a doubt which seemed to struggle with glorious hope.

"It seemed to me that I was dead," said the young man.

Then Adonai kneeling on the marble pavement, lifted up his eyes, and said:

"Welcome to thee, O, *Washington!* Thou hast come again to earth, to look upon the fruits of thy labors. Together we will go forth, and survey the land."

And the doubt passed from the young man's brow. His form seemed to dilate and grow even within its faded garments. There was a light in his eyes, and a look upon his face, as though a voice from Heaven had that instant spoken to his soul.

It was indeed the Spirit of Washington, returned from Eternity for awhile, to inhabit a human form.

"Come—in this form which only an hour ago imprisoned a suffering soul—in this form so long dedicated to hunger and despair—will I make my pilgrimage over the New World."

And from that place, Adonai and the Arisen Washington, went forth together.

Shall we look upon the sights which they beheld, and hear again, the words which were spoken in their ears?

XI. IN THE SENATE OF A FREE PEOPLE.

Now Adonai and the Arisen Washington, ere they went forth on their pilgrimage, lingered for awhile in the City of the Dome, and looked upon the Great Men of the New World by Night, and also looked upon them by Day.

Together they sat in the crowded Senate Hall. Amid a crowd of rich men, attired in fine apparel, and beautiful women whose faces were wreathed in smiles, sat Adonai and the Arisen Washington. Both dressed in the garb of labor, they were alone in the centre of the gay crowd.

Beneath them were the Senators—the Great Men of the New World—gathered in solemn council.

"Let us listen," said Adonai. "Let us listen, and hear the words of the Arisen Gospel, from the lips of these Senators."

"Let us listen," said the Arisen Washington, "and learn even from the tongues of these great men, what manner of fruits have followed the martyrdom of the Revolution."

Now Adonai in the blouse of labor, and Washington attired in humble work-day gear, yet looking as young and full of hope as when he first went forth into the wilderness near a hundred years before, joined their hands, and watched in silence, even from the crowded gallery, the faces of the Senators.

A gray-haired man arose:

"The Declaration of Independence is a very fine piece of writing," said he, "but it contains a great many absurd errors. For instance: it asserts that 'all

men are born free and equal.' This, my brethren, is a falsity. All men are not born free and equal. There must be classes in the world; there must be castes; there must be rich and poor. Yes," he surveyed the faces of his brothers, "the Bible, the law of God, and the Constitution of the United States, the law of the Land, both assert that in this land, there must always be castes and classes; rich and poor, Masters and Slaves."

At these words, Adonai could not help murmuring:

"Why am I always the victim of idle delusions? They told me that this was the Senate of a free people, but now I know that it is the Senate of a land of tyrants and slaves, governed by the Sceptre of some new Nero, who is counselled by Senators fond of human blood."

And Adonai was exceeding sad, for in his pilgrimage of eighteen hundred years, he had never seen a sadder sight than this:

A white-haired Senator, in the Senate Hall of a free people, pleading for the perpetuation of the very Evils, which the Old World, dying in bondage, had attempted to lift from its palsied bosom.

Washington heard the words of the grave Senator, and his cheek grew warm with a sudden glow, and his heart beat violently within his mean attire.

"From what part of this land, does that great man come?" he asked of a spectator by his side.

"From Carolina"—was the answer—"a great man indeed, and an honest one! Would to God we had more of such."

"Carolina," murmured the Arisen Washington, with the voice of one who thinks aloud:

"The land of the Martyr Hayne! And Hayne was hung, some seventy years ago, by the creatures of a Tyrant, in order that words like those uttered by the Senator, might be spoken to-day, in the Senate of a redeemed People!"

For Washington, but a few hours ago returned to this world, and full of the impulses of a god-like nature, was yet ignorant of the actual history of the American land in the Nineteenth Century.

"Hush! A great Senator from the North!" the whisper ran through the crowd of spectators.

And there rose a man of bronzed visage, ponderous forehead beneath which flamed his deep set eyes, and voice which swelling from the depths of his broad chest, pealed like a thunder-clap into every heart.

Did this great man speak of the Poor Man's right to a home in the world, and to a hope of immortality in the next?

"We must protect the man who builds a factory, we must protect the man who owns a ship! Commerce and Manufactures—these are the great ideas of America! Unless you foster, and protect them—even at the expense of nine-tenths of the People, and by robbing nine-tenths of the fruits of their labor—your Constitution is in vain!"

Such was the purport of the great man's speech.

"'Tis a fine Constitution," ejaculated Adonai—"much better than that Constitution which established a King. Is it not? For instead of one King, known by his proper title, it establishes a thousand and ten thousand petty tyrants, Lords of the Mart and the Loom. A glorious Constitution."

But the Arisen Washington was silent. He was thinking of the blood which had been poured forth upon an hundred battle-fields. "And ten thousand poor men, went forth in the Revolution, and gave their blood to the sod, their lives to their country, in order that Commerce and Manufactures might flourish upon the graves of their grandchildren!"

Something like this was the thought, which troubled the soul of the Arisen Washington as he gazed intently upon the bronzed visage of the great Northern Senator.

"Thou hast the voice of Patrick Henry," he said, "but the soul of Benedict Arnold!" A new murmur arose in the Senate Hall.

Some ten thousand of the Poor, had sent up to these great Senators, their humble petition, that the Land which God had set apart for the millions of humanity, might no longer be sold to their Oppressors.

For it appeared, that the Men of Money of the Old World and the New, looking forward to a day, when the Poor Man's labor would turn the wilderness into a garden, had purchased this wilderness by millions of acres, and put their stakes around it, and said in the face of God—"This land, which thou hast set apart for the free—this land which can no more be sold than the air which we breathe, or the water which we drink—this land we have bought with our money, and fenced in with our title deeds!"

But certain of the Poor, feeling that God was still God, though Rich Men denied him, and that the Land was still the Land of the Poor, though Rich Men had stolen it, sent their humble prayer to the Great Senators, and besought them to put an end to this traffic in the homes of unborn generations.

And the Prayer of the Poor was read in the Senate Hall.

"This prayer cannot be denied," said Adonai.

"Deny it, and the blood of every martyr of the Revolution was spent in vain," exclaimed the Arisen Washington.

The Senators did not deny the Prayer.

But they clouded it with a multitude of words, and spoke fervently, and at length, of Bank and Tariff, the rights of Capital, the blessings of Individual enterprize, and the impossibility of making laws, to protect the Poor man in the enjoyment of a foot of earth or a crust of bread.

And then they spoke of two great Parties, into which they had divided the Poor of the land, deluding them with shadows, in order that they and their friends, the Rich, might feed securely on the Poor Man's substance.

These parties, were controlled by certain Conventions which *thought* for the People every fourth year, and which promulgated the results of their thinking in the shape of written Declarations, filled with words of large sound but little meaning.

These words of large sound and little meaning, were used to array the Poor of the nation into two armies; both fighting for their Masters; both talking of shadows, and struggling for shadows, while the Men of Money and the Men of Politics, safely grasped the substance.

In truth, that substance was not hard to be understood:

The election of One Man, to more than royal power, so that he might feed and clothe—with the labor of the whole people—a band of hungry idlers, who had placed him upon the Presidential Throne.

It was the Names of these Parties—these organizations of delusion and fraud—which now arose in the Senate Hall, creating much uproar, and effectually drowning the Prayer of the People for the Freedom of their Land.

Washington the Arisen, leaned from the Senate gallery, and watched the progress of the uproar in silence.

He was yet thinking of the bones which slept beneath the sod of Valley Forge.

As for Adonai, he sat like one stricken dumb with wonder, while he thought of the days of Nero—Nero, who built a Golden Palace upon the bodies of the people's dead.

He thought of the Iron Door, which, in the Catacombs, divided the RICH ONE from the HUNDRED POOR.

"The Iron Door is here! Here in the Senate: dividing these Great Men from the People! On one side the Senators wrangle for plunder—on the other, the People starve and die."

"It was for this that we fought the battle and dared the winter's snow, and went to war with the gibbet's rope about our necks!"

With these words the Arisen Washington took Adonai by the hand, and they went forth from the Capitol, their hearts too full for utterance.

XII. IN THE PALACE OF THE KING.

That night they wandered through the City, and came to the Mansion of the King, which arose at one extremity of the great pathway, its lighted windows, shining gaily through the darkness.

They entered the Palace, and while the sound of many voices, was heard in brilliantly lighted chambers, they came together, into a small room, where a Man of slender frame and haggard face, sat writing, and sat alone.

Worn by much anxiety, this solitary Man, with the light of a candle on his troubled face, was surrounded by letters and by manuscripts without number.

"What are you writing?" said the Arisen Washington.

And the Man looked up and saw the face of Washington, but did not for a

moment regard his mean attire. For there was a something in the face of the Arisen Washington, which impressed the heart of the solitary Man, with involuntary awe.

"I am signing away the money of the People," said the solitary Man. "Look! Here are ninety millions of dollars to pay a portion of the expenses of this war. Here are three millions to pay the wages of those who live by office, and who placed me in this Throne. Here are millions and millions—various sums which I have no time to count—and which I am signing away. Signing in the name of the People, whose labor is only petrified in these millions—the People who love freedom! The great People who placed me on this Throne!"

Then Adonai became aware that he stood in the presence of the King. The King who elected by the People (first properly advised by Conventions) held a power such as no Monarch of the Old World ever grasped.

For he controlled the Purse of the People.

And also the Sword of the People.

And furthermore, he appointed at least one hundred thousand men to office, who ruled over the People and ate the People's bread.

In spite of his plain dress and haggard face he was a great King.

In other lands, the Poor received their Kings, from the loins of a race of royal Mendicants, who talked much of "the grace of God" and sat upon thrones, whose main pillars were very often a Bishop and a Lord.

But in the free Land of America, the People received their King every fourth year from the hands of a Convention, which gave him birth after many days of drunken uproar, and put him on his feet, before all the people, with sweet words on his lips.

Now, Washington, after listening to the President-King, uttered these words:

"Ninety millions have you spent in war, O King! Many millions have you spent in feeding the well-attired Mendicants, who cannot work and who must live, by the labor of the poor. Suppose, O King, that only fifty millions, had been expended in clearing the waste lands of this continent—in building homes for the poor upon these desert lands—in arraying armies, not of carnage nor for the work of carnage, but armies of labor, who might march forth to cultivate the earth, and make the howling wilderness blossom with the tenements of a happy people?"

The President-King was much impressed by the Soul which shone from the eyes of the Arisen Washington, but he replied with much earnestness and haste—

"The world is governed too much!"

"Is it so?" answered the Arisen Washington—"It is right to govern much, when a war is to be made or a people to be plundered. It is right to govern much, when the people's labor is to be distributed among hordes of dishonest idlers—right to govern much, when government wishes to destroy and kill.

Then indeed, the world *cannot* be governed too much! But speak of government doing one noble deed, in behalf of that Humanity which bleeds at its footstool—speak of government healing instead of cursing, saving instead of destroying, preventing instead of punishing, and lo! '*The world is governed too much!*'"

At this moment, Adonai saw the EXECUTIONER, appear suddenly behind the Chair of the President, his scant visage full of scornful laughter, and his deep-set eye rolling with infernal gladness.

THE EXECUTIONER, who had followed his steps for eighteen centuries, triumphing over the Evil which Tyrants worked upon the Human Race—the EXECUTIONER whose mission was to curse and destroy, now stood laughing silently, behind the Throne of the President-King.

"Adonai," he whispered—"What think'st thou *now* of this land of the Arisen Gospel?"

The heart of Adonai died within him, and he went forth from the White-House, with the Arisen Washington by his side.

And when the President-King next saw his Ministers, he told them with some anxiety, that he had seen GEORGE WASHINGTON in a dream.

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†XII. HOW WASHINGTON AND ADONAI WENT TO VALLEY FORGE, AND THEN TO THE SEPULCHRE OF LIVING SOULS.

Now Adonai and Arisen Washington journeyed to the North.

Sick of the City of the Dome, eye and soul weary with the scenes which were enacting there, they went forth from the Capitol, even as the last ray was shining upon palace and hut.

"My soul pants to behold this northern land!" cried Adonai, as, attired in his blouse, staff in hand, he journeyed on: "The South may indeed be given up to Darkness; but in the North the Light shines evermore."

Washington was silent. A two-fold consciousness began to stir within his breast. The memory of his life as the Deliverer of the New World—the memory of that higher life which he had lived, since the hour of his death on earth—these mingled together in his soul, and by terms assumed the mastery.

"This is indeed a wonderful land!" he murmured, in a thoughtful tone: "Here are carriages that glide with lightning speed, over iron roads, and seem to move of themselves! Here are ships that rush along the waters—ships without sails—in spite of wind and storm! Here are wires, stretched along the roadside, for thousands of miles—wires which enable men to converse with each other, from one end of the land to the other, by means of lightning! A wonder-

ful land! An age of lightning and miracles! Had a prophet spoken these things in my day, he would have been imprisoned as a Madman!"

"These indeed are wonderful things," exclaimed Adonai: "Before the plainest fact of this Age, all the wonders of Ancient Rome dwindle into nothingness. The Steam Engine, the Lightning Wire, the wheels of dumb Machinery, filled with life—strange, fiery life—at the bidding of Man! What has the Age of Nero to parallel with these? The Golden Palace, the Appian Way, the triumphs of Architecture? No—no. The plainest fact of the Nineteenth Century outdoes the miracles of Ancient Rome."

Thus communing they journeyed on—Adonai in his blouse and Washington in the poor man's faded garb.

"In truth, the bold intellect of this age seems to have given a Soul to dumb matter, and made it work and go, at the beck of Man"—so muttered the Arisen Washington, after a long pause—"What if Matter, fired with this Soul, should turn upon MAN, and rend him with its iron arms?"

This thought, abruptly spoken, opened a wide world of musing to the pilgrims, as they journeyed on.

What if these wonderful discoveries in science, these developments in machinery, should be used by the FEW *as the means to oppress and degrade the* MANY?

This thought was full of meaning. Adonai and the Arisen Washington conversed upon it long and earnestly, as the day faded into night.

Strange and mysterious was the nature of that life which filled the veins of Adonai and the Arisen Washington. They were exposed to all the sensations of heat, of cold, of hunger and thirst, which affect the senses of men of the actual world. Yet they broke no bread, nor drank, not even of the brooklet by the wayside. For when hunger, cold, and thirst, pressed them sore, then a deep sleep fell upon them, from which they arose with new life and vigor.

Thus they had no need of drink or food: the bodies which clothed their souls—their actual and higher nature, far removed from the sensations and the sufferings of this lower world—were renewed and recreated in the hour when they slept.

But it was the condition of this strange existence, that they only hungered, thirsted, sorrowed, and wept, when they saw others hunger, thirst, sorrow, and weep. The pain which others felt became their pain. The misery which they beheld and could not relieve, struck their inmost souls with an agony as intense as their souls were god-like.

And thus it was, that, in the pilgrimage, they died a thousand deaths, in surveying the sufferings of the Outcast people of this lower world.

The third day of their pilgrimage found them in a wintry wood, among the trunks of leafless trees. Rain and snow descended in sleety torrents, among withered branches, and upon the hill, which sank, bleak and lead-colored, at their feet.

"It is valley Forge!" exclaimed Washington, and at once the memories of his life on earth rushed upon him.

"Valley Forge?" asked Adonai, gazing upon the Valley which spread below, drear with winter, but with a river gleaming on its bleak bosom, even through the haze of the dull twilight.

"Here they fell for Liberty, the Poor Men of the Revolution, slain, not by battle nor the sword, but by the Famine and the Pestilence. Here, on these hills, under the bleak sky, or in huts sunk half way below the ground, here they died, my comrades of the Seven Years' War. O, could the children of the present time, come to these hills, and evoke the ghosts of the dead who died at Valley Forge, they might learn something of the price which the Martyrs paid for the freedom of this land!"

And Washington led Adonai over the hills where the Martyrs slept. And, walking hand in hand, through the gloom of the twilight, even as the sleet and rain descended upon their brows, they counted the graves, even from the river bridged to ice, to the summit of the hill crowned by wintry trees.

"These were Poor Men," said the Arisen Washington, as the night fell cold and dark—"These were Poor Men, who came out here, to die in pestilence, in nakedness, and cold, so that their children might be Free."

The tears fell from the eyes of Adonai, as he heard the story of the Poor Men who died for Liberty at Valley Forge.

"Now let us go and see what kind of Liberty their children and their grandchildren enjoy ——" thus spoke Adonai after a long silence.

Through the darkness they journeyed on.

And a low, murmuring sound, like the noise of distant thunder, sighed at intervals on their ears.

They wondered much to hear this sound, but, journeying in the direction from whence it came, they stood at length upon the brow of a precipice, and beheld the strange sight which was extended beneath their feet.

There, from the gloom of the Valley, uprose a huge edifice, its hundred windows flaming with light.

And the sound which they had heard, echoed deep and deafening from the bosom of this edifice. It was the roar of iron machinery, mingled with the noise of a cataract.

"Let us enter," said Adonai, and, descending from the hill, they entered the edifice, where a thousand wheels were in motion—crashing on and on, with a perpetual thunder.

The sight which they saw held them dumb.

Women were imprisoned within that edifice, their cheeks blasted into untimely decay, their eyes vacant with that despair which always turns to the grave as to a quiet home. Some there were whose cheeks bloomed with vivid warmth, but it was the bloom of the charnel.

Children were imprisoned there—children who had nothing of the love or beauty of childhood in their leaden eyes.

Men were imprisoned there—men whose cramped forms, and faces stamped with stolid endurance, told of a life without hope or object save a crust of bread and a grave.

These all were imprisoned there—men, women and children—in the hot chambers of that huge edifice, where the lights flared gloomily through the thick atmosphere, and where the thousand wheels crashed on and on, with the sound of thunder.

It was a sad place.

"It is a prison," said the Arisen Washington.

"It is a sepulchre where they bury the living," said Adonai.

"No," said a pleasant voice, which echoed at their side. "It is neither prison nor sepulchre. It's only a FACTORY."

And they turned and looked upon the speaker. He was a tall man, smoothly clad, in sober black, and from beneath his hat, drawn low upon his brows, his deep-set eyes shone with a steady glare.

"A Factory!" echoed the Arisen Washington—"What have these children done, that you imprison them there, blasting their souls in their withered bodies, ere they have had time to ripen into full life?"

"A Factory!" echoed Adonai—"What have these men, these women done, that you bury them alive, in this haunt of pestilence, chaining their living hearts to the wheels of your remorseless machinery?"

And the Man dressed in black, with the hat drawn low upon his forehead, laughed aloud.

"Whence come you?" he cried, "that you do not comprehend the Philosophy of this place? This is the Temple devoted to the God of the Nineteenth Century, and who is called CAPITAL. We worship him, from fourteen to sixteen hours per day. We offer up LABOR as an acceptable sacrifice at his shrine. You may remember, reading in your Bibles of a pleasant God of the ancient time, whom men called MOLOCH? He was worshipped by the sacrifice of little children. This age has improved upon Moloch. He only demanded that little children should be thrown living, into the fire which burned around him. But we of the Nineteenth Century—of this free, enlightened Gospel land of America—we who adore CAPITAL, celebrate his worship by chaining little children to the wheels of iron machinery. The wheel whirls, and first the soul, then the body of the child is crushed. As to the men, and women, who are offered up to CAPITAL, you must know that they are LIVE LABOR, and therefore fit subjects of sacrifice. How do you like our Factory?"

Something there was in the tone of the speaker that made the heart of Adonai contract with involuntary anguish.

He looked beneath the shadow of his hat, and caught the gleam of his fiery eyes.

"It is the Executioner!" he said.

It was indeed the Executioner, that embodiment of Evil, who starting from the Catacombs in the days of Nero, had met Adonai, from time to time, during his pilgrimage of eighteen centuries.

"Yes, it is even I!" exclaimed the Personage. "And believe me of all the sights that I have seen for eighteen centuries, none is so pleasant as this sight which you now behold. Talk of battles—of wholesale murders—of the march of pestilence! What are they all compared to this? This sight, which shows you how one Man, who owns the untold powers of dumb machinery, may oppress and enslave at least three hundred of his fellow beings—children and women as well as men! Believe me, friend Adonai, I am better off, as the Overseer of a Factory, dedicated to Capital, and kept in motion by the murder of Labor, than I have ever been, during the course of eighteen hundred years!"

And again the Executioner laughed aloud, while his deep set eyes still shone with their sinister glance.

"Come, let us go," whispered Adonai to the Arisen Washington.

But the Arisen Washington stood like one in a dream, his eyes filled with tears, while his lips absently framed the words—

"Valley Forge! Valley Forge!"

"This is the Liberty for which your Poor Men died at Valley Forge," said Adonai.

And together they left that Sepulchre for the living, and went forth into the dark night. Yet even as the door closed behind them, they heard the laugh of the Executioner—

"Ho! Ho! Friend Adonai! You have seen the working of this glorious system of Capital in the Old World—in Lyons, in Manchester, in the thousand cities dedicated to the Moloch of the Nineteenth Century. Yes, in the Old World, you have seen its fruits in the demoralization of entire races of people; in the destruction of childhood ere it has known one hour of healthy ripeness; in the degradation of Woman into a mere beast of burden, and in the blasting of Man into something between a Brute and a Devil. You know the system, Adonai. How like you its working in the New World?"

Washington heard these words, but was silent. He took the hand of Adonai into his own, and hurried rapidly from the accursed place.

He did not pause until he stood upon a bleak hill, which, covered with sleet and snow, rose abruptly into the leaden sky.

These were the words which he uttered—

"Could the immense power of Machinery and the colossal force of Capital be given to the Masses of Mankind as their Property—and be used by the Masses for 'the benefit of every one, in proportion to his toil—then indeed would the power of Machinery and Capital be combined in a work of good, for the blessing of all the earth. But as it is"—

Washington paused, and looked through the gloom. From afar came the glare of the Furnace, mingling with the gleam of the Factory windows.

Washington said no more to Adonai.

But he knelt on the bleak hill, and prayed the God who had succoured him at Valley Forge, to send war, pestilence, and famine, upon the land, rather than to suffer its soil to be cursed, and its people to be enslaved, by the worship of the Moloch of the Nineteenth Century—a worship celebrated upon the very corses of murdered Labor.

And, at every pause of the Prayer, Adonai, who remembered the graves of Valley Forge, said, AMEN.

XIII. "THE CHRISTIAN PRISON."

It was the winter time again, and the Arisen Washington together with Adonai, journeyed together in the Land of the Lakes—a Land where thought and speech are free, and where man lifts his head, unawed by the frown of oppression, or the iron hand of power.

A beautiful lake, as green as emerald, was framed in snow-white hills. Although the hills were clad in snow, and the streams which descended to the Lake were bound in ice, yet the Lake itself was free from ice and snow. Deep and clear and very beautiful, its waves rippled laughingly under a cloudless winter sky.

Now Adonai in his blouse and Washington in his garb of poverty, paused on the summit of a hill, and saw the sky smiling overhead and the lake rippling at their feet.

For the beauty of that scene touched their souls, and lifted them to the region of the Higher Life.

And Adonai was about to speak, but Washington gently laid his hand upon his lips, whispering, "Look yonder and listen!"

Near them, seated by the roadside, was a young woman, whose form was wrapped in a faded cloak. Her hood lay on her shoulders, and her brown hair fell loosely about her face—a beautiful face, with large full eyes, and a holy light of purity radiating about every lineament. Yet there was care upon that face, and the eyes of the young woman—fixed sadly on the Lake—swam in tears.

At her feet, nestling in the folds of her cloak, was a little boy, who looked up wonderingly into her face, as the winter wind tossed to and fro the clusters of his golden hair.

A poor mother and her child, sitting by the lake, in winter sunlight—the mother weeping silently, and the child looking in wondering love into the mother's face.

It was a beautiful picture.

"Mother will we soon be there? where Father is?" whispered the child.

And she caught him to her breast, and kissed him, as her tears fell upon his face.

"I hope so, Arthur," she said. "We have come many hundred miles to see your father and I hope we will soon be there." And she wept bitterly.

"But why can't father come to us?" asked the boy. "Why did they take him away?"

And Washington and Adonai, standing unperceived near the mother and child, heard her tell the boy, in broken tones, how the father driven by want, on a cold winter's day, had stolen from a wealthy man—stolen to save his wife and son from starvation.

"And for this, they have locked him up in a prison," continued the mother. "It was his first and only crime. But you see Arthur, he was without work, and we had neither bread nor fire. One morning—it was bitter, bitter cold—he left our home in the large city, and went forth endeavouring to get work—he was tempted and he committed a theft in order to get bread for you and me."

The poor child began to weep as his mother thus told the story in broken tones.

"But why did they lock him up?" he asked. "Did he not give back that which he had stolen?"

"They locked him up to *reform* him, my son," she answered. "True he had never committed an offence before, but the Judge said as he sentenced him, that it was necessary to make an example, and so he gave him three years in the State's prison. This was two years ago, when you were but a babe. But cheer up my son"—again she kissed him—"I have the Governor's pardon here, close to my heart, and your father shall not linger another day in prison. Do you remember how he looked?"

"O yes!" cries the boy—"a tall man and young—and I remember how he used to take me on his knee, when he came home from work, and sing to me. O, come let us go and see him—quick, mother quick!"

He sprang on his feet, and pulled his mother by the cloak, and she arose and replaced the hood upon her brown hair, and went onward on her journey.

Adonai and Washington watched them until they were out of sight, and the last words of the boy were borne upon the wind.

"Do you think father will be quite *reformed?*" said the boy.

There were tears in the eyes of Washington and Adonai.

"Come, let us go also," said Adonai. "Much have we heard of the Christian rule which prevails in this Prison. Let us go and behold its fruits."

"Yes, let us go and see the Prison," thus answered Washington. "We have heard it spoken of from one end of the land to the other. How within its walls they attempt not to punish but reform the criminal. There are neither whips

nor chains, nor any instruments of torture, but all is Christ-like love and order. Let us go, and see the good prison."

And hand in hand they went together. It was in the afternoon, when they reached the prison, which arose in a flourishing city, with a stream dashing against its gloomy walls.

They passed the gate, and presently stood in a circular hall, where waited the guardians or attendants of the place.

"We have heard much of the Christian government of this prison," said the Arisen Washington—"and would like to see its results with our own eyes."

One who was in authority, looked with silent contempt upon the poor garb of Washington and the blouse of Adonai, but he directed one of the attendants to conduct the strangers through the place.

This attendant (or Keeper) was a man of hardy frame, with a broad forehead surmounted by gray hairs. There was the look of a stout honest heart upon his face.

"Come," he said quietly, and with a key in his hand he led the way.

And Washington and Adonai went through that Christian prison.

They saw the apartments of stone, each not much larger than a coffin, in which the convicts slept.

They saw the workshops, where from dawn till dark the convicts worked, at various trades, each workshop governed by a Contractor, who had purchased from the State the right to the Labor of the imprisoned.

They also felt, that as each Contractor had gained his right to the Labor of the convicts, by offering a larger sum than any other person, it was therefore the interest, yes the necessity of every Contractor to get as much work out of every convict, as could be gotten, without killing him outright.

They saw the wooden box, in which the head of the convict was placed, (when he offended the Lord Contractor,) while a column of water was hurled upon his skull.

They saw a man with his extended arms chained to a heavy iron bar, which in its turn was chained to his neck. He was condemned to stand thus—his eyes starting out of their sockets with the intolerable torture—until the displeasure of the Lord Contractor was appeased. Did he sink under the weight? A rope drawn through a pulley dragged him to his feet again.

They saw the foul cavern, damp and pestilential, where like beasts to their stall, the convicts (attired in a dress which added mockery to torture) were herded to their meals.

They saw, O well they saw! by the wintry light, streaming through work-shop window, those haggered faces, with glassy eyes—faces from which the last vestige of manhood had been trampled out—faces that reminded the spectator of the face of a Damned Soul.

"What do you think of this kind of Reform?" whispered the gray-haired Keeper, as he led them from one of the infernal work-shops into the open air.

Washington shuddered, and silently looked into the face of Adonai.

'Are we yet on earth?" said Adonai, wiping the cold sweat from his brow, "or is this place indeed Hell?"

"O, you see," said the Keeper, as he led them across the prison-yard—"you see this is a humane age. Now in old times, they were very cruel to convicts. But now—look around you gentlemen—now's the time of benevolence, philanthropy, reform, and all that!"

Thus speaking he led the way into another work-shop.

"Do you never have any difficulty with these imprisoned people?" asked Washington of a Lord Contractor.

"Difficulty? Bah! We tame 'em sir, we tame 'em when they first come here—we break their spirits—iron bar, shower bath, bread and water, dark dungeon, and so forth—we break their spirits sir."

Washington looked around upon the faces of the silent convicts, and felt the truth of the Lord Contractor's words.

"Suppose but one of these men should be innocent," said Adonai, "What power on earth could repay him, for one year's imprisonment in this place?"

"Mistakes will happen," said the Lord Contractor drily. "You know the adage. But this prison pays for itself sir. It is profitable to the State, and it affords the party in power a nice chance to reward its dependents. It's a good system—good."

"But what of the free workmen," said Adonai—"the free workmen who outside of this prison, are forced to compete with the labor of your convicts?"

The Lord Contractor did not answer.

They entered the Hospital. A living skeleton was stretched on a bed. Gaunt cheeks, sunken eyes, and emaciated limbs—it was a pitiful sight. And the declining sun shone redly over him, as he was breathing his last.

"Two years ago," whispered the aged Keeper, "he entered this place a strong and healthy man. The iron bar, the shower bath, the dark dungeon, and other methods of reform, have brought him to this."

Washington and Adonai said nothing, but listened to the half-coherent words of the dying man.

Poor wretch! He looked at his long thin fingers, already blue with the death-chill, and mumbled some words about other days. And then he tried to clutch the sunlight as though it had been a golden thread between him and the Other World. And thus with his wild eyes, flaming in their cavernous sockets, he was passing away.

All at once, a cry and shriek were heard, and a Woman and a Child rushed to the bedside.

"Where are you William?" shrieked the Woman. "O husband, husband, I have brought your pardon."

"Father! father!" cried the boy. "O where is father?"

"There," whispered the gray-haired Keeper, pointing to the form on the pallet. "There"—and he went into a dark corner to hide his tears.

The young woman looked, and saw her Husband. The boy took his Father by the hand.

But he did not know them. There was no consciousness of their presence in his flaming eyes. He babbled to himself and played with the sunshine—that was all.

For the system of Reform, adopted in this Christian prison, had not only killed the body of the poor wretch, but also his soul.

"Husband! O don't you know me?" she cried, and pressed his emaciated form to her breast. In that embrace he passed away. She held only a Corse in her arms.

"Look!" whispered Adonai to the Arisen Washington, and as he spoke their eyes were for a moment unsealed to the vision of the Higher Life, and they saw a FORM standing at the foot of the bed, and a FACE, smiling in unfathomable tenderness upon the mother and child.

They who have suffered—who have felt hard blows of adversity upon their breasts—who in the depth of their misery look yearningly to the sunshine of the Better Land—they KNOW whose FACE it was, that smiled in unfathomable tenderness upon the Convict's death-bed.

The gray-haired Keeper led ADONAI and the ARISEN WASHINGTON into the open air again. "O! not for the wealth of the world," he groaned, "would I spend another year in this infernal den."

Washington and Adonai wandered through the streets of the flourishing city. A crowd was gathered there, to welcome a great Statesman, who had just returned from the Senate to his home. Now this statesman was a man of law, and a friend of Liberty in all its forms. He spoke eloquently to the People, as Washington and Adonai mingled with the throng—of Liberty in France, Hungary, Ireland, Italy—of Reform, he also dwelt in words of sweetest sound—then rising with his theme, he praised with all his soul the *prison system of his State.*

And the crowd, composed of those who held, and of those who expected office, said "Amen."

"These are thy Statesmen!" groaned Washington. "These are thy Statesmen, O Land of the New World, and this," he pointed to the prison, "this the embodiment of thy Law."

XIV. THE MOTHER AND CHILD.

"O mother, mother, tell me more about Him," said a child, one winter night, as he crouched close to his mother's feet.

A candle flung its rays around the humble room, revealing the much-worn furniture, and the table covered with the relics of a scanty meal. Night was on the city, and sleet and snow beat against the window panes.

Gazing through the window, Adonai and the Arisen Washington saw the mother and child, and listened to their talk.

The mother was a faded woman, prematurely old, her hands knotted and bony with hard labor. The child was a boy of some nine years old, with head unnaturally large, thin and bony arms, and shrunken chest. His face was an old man's face on the head of a child, in hue a sickly olive, the features sharply defined, but with large gray eyes, which shone with a strange lustre.

Just returned from his place in the Factory after a hard day's toil, he had flung his tired limbs at his mother's feet, repeating earnestly the words which arrested the attention of Adonai and Washington as they passed along the narrow street.

"O mother, mother, tell me more about *him*."

The mother took his hands within her own, and said:

"You see he lived eighteen hundred years ago. He loved the poor. He healed their sick, he fed their hungry, he raised their dead. They followed him by thousands and tens of thousands, for they loved to look upon his face. O, while he lived, my son, the poor had a friend—a friend who knew their wants—who saw into their hearts—who had a strong arm to help and save. But ——"

"He is dead now," said the boy sadly.

"Wicked men put him to death; they could not bear the sight of his loving face; they hated the goodness of his words. They put him to a horrible death and——"

"Now the poor have no friend?" again sadly said the boy.

"Yes—yes—my son," she wiped the tears from her eyes. "The poor have a friend—in Heaven—in Heaven, my son. We are born to be poor and miserable in this world—we common folk, but if we pray to Him *up yonder*, we will go to Heaven when we die."

"Where is Heaven?" said the Factory Boy, with his gray eyes brightening in his sallow face.

"Far off—beyond the sky," answered the mother.

'Beyond the sky," echoed the Boy sadly. "So far off, so far off! O mother would not it be good if this Friend of the Poor could walk the earth again, and talk to us, and say good words to us!"

And he wept.

At this moment the eyes of the mother and her child were unsealed—unsealed to the vision of the higher life—and they beheld standing between them a Form which they knew at once, while a Face smiled in blessing on them.

And they knelt at *His* feet and touched the hem of *His* garment, and knew from that hour, that the Christ was not afar off, but near them all the while.

Said Adonai as himself and Washington pursued their way, "Thus it is, O Brother, that the Christ walks now among the homes of men!"

XV. THE DARKENED GLASS.

After traversing the subterranean depths of a great city—after fathoming those awful recesses of civilization, where Woman, holy and beautiful, is sold and forced into living damnation—the Wanderers went forth into the free air and open country.

They paused in the cold winter twilight, where the light of a Rich Man's Mansion flashed out upon the snowy roadside.

"Enough of Poverty and Misery we have seen"—Adonai as he spoke clasped Washington the Arisen by the hand. "Let us now enter a Rich Man's Home, and see how much he feels for the Poor."

They passed through the gate, and entering the door, stood in a hall lighted by a globe of clouded glass. Adonai surveyed his humble blouse, so illy suited to the splendour of that hall; and Washington the Arisen cast frequent glances upon his garments, worn by poverty and toil.

"They will cast us forth," whispered Washington the Arisen.

Adonai said nothing but listened.

Music came from a door hard by; music not of flute or organ, but of living voices.

"Come, let us enter," said Adonai, and pushed open the door, and beheld a family seated around an open fire.

On one side of the fire the father, on the other the mother, and between them their children. Two girls who seemed like separate but not divided parts of one soul sat in the centre, blooming with holiness and youth. At their feet grouped two little children, with all the sunshine of childhood on their faces. And somewhat in the background sat the eldest sister, not so full of early bloom as the others, but with something of Heaven in the tranquil light of her blue gray eyes.

It was a holy picture of a family in the Home, a family blessed with all the comforts of life, and without consciousness of wrong to any one, circling about the fireside, in the stillness of the winter night.

In few words, Adonai told how they were poor and wanderers upon the face of the earth, and, to his complete astonishment, the Rich Man welcomed them, and sat them in their midst. They sat down, even Washington and Adonai, and felt the influence of a Happy Home glide into their hearts. For the breath of a happy home is the breath of Heaven.

Adonai talked and they listened—the father and the mother, the children with their happy faces, the elder sister with her heaven-like eyes, and the two young girls, who, in their holiness and beauty, seemed like separate though not divided parts of one soul.

And Adonai, as he gazed upon the bloom and beauty of these Twin-Sisters, wept bitterly.

"Why do you weep?" said one sister, pityingly, as she twined her arm about the other sister's neck.

"I behold you pure and young and beautiful, and I weep to think of the ten thousand and the thrice ten thousand, as pure and beautiful as you, who in the large cities are forced by temptation and want of bread, into that Damnation from which for woman there is no Resurrection."

These words wrung from his soul, sank into all their souls.

And then Adonai, suddenly inspired, spake of the miseries of the Poor,—miseries which might be alleviated if those of the Rich who have human hearts, "*only knew the depths of human suffering.*" Much and long he spake, with voice and eyes, touched with heavenly fire, and all hearts bent to hear him, and quivered at his words. He spake of those, who with noble hearts and god-like intellect, are forced, through a long life, to crush both heart and intellect in the struggle for a bit of bread. Of those who born for honor and virtue, are by direst want, driven to strip themselves of both. Of those who born to enlighten their race, are condemned by circumstance, to eat up their own hearts in fruitless yearnings. Of those who born of pure mothers, and destined to become holy wives and mothers, are driven by want into that living Death which has no lower death.

And thus contrasting the peace which dwelt in this happy Home, with the unutterable misery which he had seen, in his pilgrimage over the world, Adonai grew eloquent with the look and speech of his Higher Life. To his listeners he seemed no longer an earthly man but a glorified Spirit. His soul shone in his glowing countenance, and in his eyes so heavenly serene. The burden of his earthly life,—that earthly life which always weighed him down,—seemed suddenly lifted from him, and he rose to the full consciousness of his eternal Life.

The Arisen Washington caught the radiance of his eyes, and—sick as he was with the sight of much suffering and the clog of his earthly life,—he also suddenly felt all the glory of his immortal being flash in upon him, like a sun-burst through dungeon bars.

As for the rest there were quick throbbings at every heart, and tears in every eye. They forgot the humble attire of Adonai and his friend, in the consciousness,—which instinctively pervaded every heart,—that they were entertaining People of the Other World.

"O tell us," said the elder of the Twin Sisters, "O tell us of the Other World!" "Yes, yes,"—said the younger sister,—"O tell us ere you leave us, of that Other World, in which so many say that they believe but of which so few are fully conscious."

Adonai gazed upon their faces, beautiful not with sensual beauty, but with the loveliness of pure souls, expressed in rounded lineaments and eyes full of tranquil light—he gazed upon them,—and at once his thoughts rushing back

through the gloomy arches of eighteen hundred years, dwelt vividly upon the Virgin martyr of the Catacombs.

"The Other World,"—he said in a low and tranquil tone, but with a look as though the songs of angels were in his ears—"The Other World!" And his features became fixed, and his eyes like one entranced,—"O the poverty of human speech! These eyes do not behold the Other World, but the heart and the brain see it, and human words are lame,—O so weak and lame—to describe that sight. The Other World is not far off friends, it is around you Sisters, yes it is but a barrier of frailest glass that separates us from the Other World."

He paused for a moment, and then as if he remembered the words of St. Paul,—"We see through a glass darkly," thus he spoke—thus with fixed features and rapt eyes while all were drinking in his words:—

THE OTHER WORLD.

"We see through a glass darkly, and dim shapes are moving there, over the deep ocean of the Other world.

"From distant darkness—see!—even from that vast and shoreless sea—white hands are lifted, beckoning; yes after all 'tis only a barrier of frailest glass, that separates the present from the Other world. Against that frail barrier, for ages the waves have been breaking, and their murmurs have been to us whispers of Eternal truth.

"We stand in cold and darkness—our hearts bowed—our feet weary—our eyes heavy with much watching—while before us, stretches that dim and awful glass, the only barrier that divides us from Eternity.

"Now and then, lifting our eyes, we gaze through the darkened glass, and feel some glimpses, of the fathomless sea that rolls beyond it.

"We listen—even in weariness and despair—and hear some murmurs from that sounding sea; and many a white form glides by us—and many a word, spoken in some well resembled tone, floats to us—and then the dark ocean, no longer dark, is set with islands of living light.

"A sad yet beautiful contrast.

"Here—all cold—all weariness—all despair; there—opening deep after deep—groups of happy homes,—swarming with happy faces, bathed in eternal light;—and only a glass barrier is between. Here—wandering children seeking with blind eagerness some glimpses of THE FATHER'S face,—there—the wandering child is home again. There—ranged in countless circles, that spread deep after deep through the abysses of Eternity—is seen nothing but children, gazing in THE FATHER'S face.

"Not vague, nor vain, nor transitory, is the life of the Other world. It is no dream, but a reality. A reality so beautiful, that our hearts sick with suffering, are frightened at its very beauty. New duties are there, and new life for all of us; and always a brighter future—always golden steps to mount.

"Sometimes the glass barrier becomes transparent in dreams—in sleep—in visions—which for a little while free the soul from its casement of clay; and

sometimes in those thoughts, which imperceptibly and voicelessly sink into our souls. And in these times we gain a vision—rather a clear sight—not so much of the gorgeous complete of Eternity, as of some single home of the Other World —some home, where live as in our world, men and women and children; but men and women and children, redeemed and purified by sacrifice, and with their faces glowing with the highest, deepest thought, which God ever implanted in the breast of an Immortal nature.

"Then in our dreams, let us a little while alight upon the shores of one of these happy islands, which are strown along the deep, clear sea of Eternity. Let us enter for a little while one of these homes.

"Listen! There are voices sounding now which we heard in old times, when we were of the lower earth; our hands are grasped by hands, that we thought long ago were chilled by Death, forgetting that *God's universe there is no such thing as Death;* but in its place, only a transition from one [illegible] or state of life to anothe[illegible]

"And dwelling thu[illegible] a little while in a home like this, we will be very silent, for the faces that we [illegible]ice knew are again around us, and the voices that once heard—Hark![illegible]re in our ears, and at every step a form upr[illegible]s, white and beautiful, [illegible]t long ago we had given to the dust. And surveying this one home, we fi[illegible] that here are repeated all those affections, which made supportable our dreary [illegible]way in yonder earth; affections, stript of all that clogged their brightness, and [illegible]ide Eternal.

"But when leaving this one home, we raise our eyes to the higher mysteries of Eternity, we fall back dazzled and bewildered, with excess of beauty; conscious however that throughout the Eternal world, alike in every sphere, however different in intellect and in gradations of intellect, this law prevails—the heart in every sphere is one,—*one*, and one fathomless chain of love binds the humblest intelligence and the greatest to the heart of Divinity.

"Thoughts like these are but a part of the mysterious murmurs, which now as in all ages, break against the darkened glass. And let us not, although dazzled and won by the brightness of the prospect yonder, forget that here on this earth we have a way to walk and a work to do.

"Here—the darkened glass shall not oftentimes for us be lifted, but always—always—always when our hearts are saddest, and the cloud of life hangs heaviest, let us bend our ears and listen to the murmurs of the Eternal Sea, for those murmurs after all are but dim or faint echoes of the voice of THE FATHER. And when faith is dim and cold, and doubt is on us, and we cannot hear the voices of that sea,—when the darkened glass grows yet darker,—let us then in childlike gentleness, retreat within ourselves and look into our own hearts.

"The eternal sea is always sounding there."

—He paused,—and ere the hearts of that happy Home had recovered from the spell of his voice and the truth of his words,—himself and his companion rushing forth into the Night, were once more on their way.

XVI. THE GOSPEL OF THE MANACLE.

One day in Spring, Washington and Adonai stood side by side on the sacred earth where Warren fell.

The sun was shining brightly from a sky without a cloud, over the waves which rippled gently into light, upon the city which enthrones itself upon Three Hills, and upon the summit of the giant column which rises into the heavens alone, bearing witness of the sacrifice of the blood of the Martyrs.

"Here Warren fell," said the Arisen Washington—"Here Warren fell for Liberty."

It Adonai was silent. The Liberty for which the Martyrs of the Revolution had spent their blood, had ripened into hideous fruit—in so many instances—that the heart of Adonai grew sick within him at the name.

Even as he stood in the shadow of the column, with the sunshine upon his golden hair, and the canopy of Heaven arching calmly over the City of the Three Hills, he said these words:—

"Liberty! The Liberty to work, to starve, to die. This was the object of your Revolution—was it not? The Liberty to obey laws which made for Capital and through Capital, drive Labor to the jail, the gibbet or the grave. Did you fight for this Liberty in the Revolution? The Liberty for a church to steal the land from under the feet of unborn millions—to hold, without even a title deed, the eighth part of the greatest city in the world—to clothe itself in splendid architecture, in luxury and in gold, at the expense of the Poor, who, while the Church lifts its blasphemous Cross into Heaven, may starve and rot, even in the shadow of its spire. Was this the Liberty for which you fought in the Revolution?"

Washington, in his poverty-stricken garb, did not reply, but leaning his arms against the foot of the column, buried his face in his hands.

Then Adonai, with a brightening eye, recounted the scenes of the Pilgrimage which they had made together—a Pilgrimage which had commenced at Valley Forge to end at Bunker Hill.

They had journeyed over the entire land. From North to South, from East to West, they had traversed it together, and beheld the march of an Empire which, in its powers for Good and for Evil, left ancient Rome far in the shadow.

They had surveyed the land from the tops of the mountains, and had dwelt with its people in the depths of woods and valleys. They had heard its music in the rush of rivers, in the roar of cataracts, in the thunder of the steam engine, and in the eternal whirl of iron machinery.

They had felt the grandeur in the silence of western prairies, where lakes of verdure are set in the frame of the boundless sky.

And wherever they had gone, their footsteps were followed by the Lord of Land, who was busily engaged in buying up the land "from under the feet of unborn generations." He bought the prairie and the hill-side, the meadow by the river, and the woods by the lake. He fenced them in with his title deeds, and wrote his name upon the sacred earth, which God had set apart as the Homestead of the Men who work.

And in his track had journeyed the Lord of Labor, who governs men by transforming Labor into Coin and strips of paper—who piles the tremendous inventions in Science and Machinery upon the heads of the Masses, and crushes them to death in the 'usual course of Trade'—who does not work himself, but lives and riots upon the work of others.

In the track of these had gone the Lord of Law, a portentous personage, known by his dress of old parchments, by the axe which he carries in one hand, while the other brandishes the rope of a gibbet.

It was his business to make laws for Capital.

Through him the Lord of Land was enabled to steal the sacred earth, and fence it in with title deeds.

Through him the Lord of Labor was enabled to turn Labor into Coin and Strips of Paper—to crush it beneath Machinery, and drain the sap and blood from its heart.

And standing beneath the column of Bunker Hill, Adonai recounted to the Arisen Washington the deeds of the Three Lords.

"And it was for *this* that you fought the Revolution."

To this the Arisen Washington made no answer, for his heart was full. After a pause, he said, "Let us go into the City. There is a man there of whom we have heard much. He is said to preach the true Gospel. Let us go."

They entered the city, and inquired of every one concerning this man, and at length were conducted up a narrow stairway, at the head of which was a door, covered with black cloth. Here their conductors left them.

They opened the door and entered a spacious room, whose windows were hermetically sealed, so that the light of the sun might not shine, even through a single crevice.

The walls, the carpet and the ceiling of this room, were alike of scarlet red. In the centre, on an altar covered with scarlet, a red light was burning in a skull. Beside the light stood a goblet filled with human blood.

And the light burning in a skull, cast a sad and sinister glare over that place, whose scarlet walls seemed to have been baptized in blood.

At the foot of the Altar crouched a Man, with a harsh visage, a bold forehead, eyes deep sunken, and lips tightly pressed over his set teeth.

In one hand he held a manacle, and in the other a file.

And he did not heed the entrance of Washington and Adonai, but continued his task, which was to remove the rust from the manacle with the file.

And ever and anon he refreshed himself with a draught from the goblet filled with red liquid.

And once he raised his eyes, and a sad terrible laughter came over his face, as he saw the light still burning in the skull.

At last, Washington awed by the silence of the spectral chamber—a silence only disturbed by the sound of the file—approached the Man and said:

"What are you doing friend?"

The Man without raising his eyes replied—

"I am preparing the gospel of our church. It has been laid away for two centuries. It has grown rusty. I am brightening it up, for effective use, in this free land of America."

"The Gospel of the Manacle!" whispered Adonai.

"Wherefore do you refresh yourselves with draughts from that cup filled with red liquid?" asked Washington.

"That is the wine of our church—the blood of Romans, who were the other day slain by the good Pope, in the name of God ——"

At these words Adonai advanced:——

"Thou liest!" he exclaimed—"The good Pope does not murder Romans. When last I saw him, he was opening dungeons and breaking the Bread of the Sacrament of Brotherhood with men of all creeds,—with people of all races."

The man took another draught, and said—

"That was last year. *Now*, I drink the blood of Romans, and prepare this gospel of the Manacle."

Washington whispered to Adonai—"It is a madman. Let me question him further. My friend," said he aloud—"Why do you veil these windows from the light?"

"There is no light save that which flows from the skull upon the altar. There is no Sun. All is night."

"It is a pitiful sight," whispered Washington to Adonai. "This poor madman endeavors to persuade himself that it is Night over the world, because he has closed his windows."

Then said Washington aloud:

"Come, my friend—Come, my friend, into the open air. I will prove to you that it is day, by the evidence of your senses."

"What?" cried the man, looking up, with a frightful grimace, shall I put the evidence of my senses against the teachings of the Church? The Church says it is Night, and—Night it is."

Then the Man lifted up the cloth of the Altar, and drew forth into the light sundry ropes, cords, daggers, and chains.

"This is the Gospel," he pointed to the Manacle—"And these the Arguments of our Church—" he placed his hand upon a dagger and a chain.

Washington felt his heart moved with pity. As for Adonai he stood silent

and wondering. Never before had he seen such a painful instance of Monomania.

But even as they stood gazing upon him, the door was opened, and a band of men, clad in black, walked two by two, into the scarlet room.

"The soldiers of Loyola!" ejaculated Adonai.

Behind these came Bishops in the attire of the Altar, their faces imbued with the consciousness of power and dominion.

"The Generals who command the soldiers of Loyala!" ejaculated Adonai.

And these men of Loyala encircled the altar, and placed the Man with the Manacle in their midst.

And then they passed the cup, filled with red liquid from lip to lip, and the Man with the Manacle grew mad with joy.

"In the blood of Romans, slain by our Pope, we drink the subjugation of the American Continent to our Order, and to the Gospel of the Manacle!"

And all the men of Loyola said Amen.

* * * * * * *

Washington and Adonai, led by unseen hands, journeyed together over the globe.

XVII. THE GOSPEL OF THE RIFLE.

A sunburnt man stood at his cabin door, with the flush of the morning light upon his hardy features. His cabin stood upon a gentle elevation, which commanded the view of an immense prairie, that sloped to the west until its undulations were lost in the vast horizon.

He was a warrior. He had not indeed fought with knife or bayonet, nor even done murder for a price, but he had fought a life-long battle in the great Cities of the East, against the ills of Poverty and Circumstance. It was a holy battle which he had maintained for years, and he fought none the less valiantly because the bread of his wife, and the bread and education of his children, depended upon the result of the conflict. His hair grew gray in this life battle. His soul sickened within him. So gathering his children around him, while his wife wept by his side, he said, "Come! Let us go where the air and the land are free. Here in the great city, the land is sold, and with the land, the tenant thereof. Here we live by permission of the Lord of Land. Here, is nothing but perpetual poverty, perpetual labor, and six feet of earth for a grave. Come! Let us go where God speaks in the silence of the forests, and reveals his countenance from the sky of the untrodden prairie. Let us go to the west."

And of these children, one was a maiden, whose cheek was just ripening from youth into womanhood. She had no future—in the great city—but of a life of perpetual work, paid with a pittance "just sufficient to keep body and soul together," or a life of shame, paid with the wages of damnation, and terminating at a Harlot's grave. And two were boys, whose Future was but a reiteration of their father's life—toil, toil, toil, without land or rest, until the night of Death set in.

And these said unto their father, "Let us go. There is land in the west. God will bless our labor. We will build us a Home."

And thus it was the sunburnt Worker had journeyed to the west, and planted him a Home even upon the verge of the boundless prairie.

The dark logs of his cabin were centered in the midst of a field of emerald corn. A copse of giant oaks, clothing the summit of the knoll, caught the sunbeams to the north of his Home. At his feet, the knoll descended into the prairie, where a golden harvest, set like a gem in the midst of the boundless verdure, undulated to every impulse of the morning air.

And as thus he stood, on the verge of the knoll, his brown face and bared arms, touched by the sun, the face of his daughter smiled from the cabin door, beside the face of the mother, whose hair was threaded with silver gray. His sons had gone forth to the harvest field, and as the ripe grain fell beneath the stroke of their hardy arms, their voices were heard at intervals, mingled with the lowing of cattle and the rustling of leaves.

Now the heart of the sunburnt man was full. "Thank God," he said, "Thank God for a Home!"

His wife and his daughter heard his voice, but they did not answer him. There was a Prayer of thankfulness upon their faces, as they heard his words, but they did not speak.

But in the depths of their souls, they thanked God for a Home. Even as the words were on his lips, two wayworn men came up the hill, toiling through the tall grass, with weary footsteps.

One was Adonai, clad in the blouse of Labor, with the sunshine playing over his golden hair. The other was the Arisen Washington, attired in the garb of Poverty, with dust upon its every fold.

To the eyes of the old man, who stood at the door of the cabin, they appeared only as young men, worn by toil and jaded by travel.

"Come," he cried in a cheerful voice, as he saw them draw near—"Welcome strangers to our Home in the Wilderness. Wife, these friends are weary. They shall share 'cup and crust' with us. For here it is not, as it was in the great city. Here is bread for the hungry, roofs for the Houseless, and Homes for all."

And he greeted the strangers with his extended hand.

But the young man in the faded garb, even the Arisen Washington, repulsed his extended hand. He paused before the owner of the cabin, and his young face became clouded with gloom.

"We come neither for meat nor for drink," he said in a harsh voice—"We cannot rest beneath your roof."

And he turned away while Adonai wondered at his harsh words, and at the gloom which so suddenly overspread his face.

As for the tenant of the cabin, even the sunburnt man, he strode silently to the side of the Arisen Washington and laid his hand upon his arm.

"Your words are harsh, my friend. I offered to share crust and cup with ye, and also the shelter of my Home. True, the crust and cup are but the food and drink of a Son of Toil, and this Home is only the cabin of a Laborer——"

The Arisen Washington turned his face from the man, and leaned his hands upon his staff, and gazed in moody silence toward the prairie.

"Come—let us rest here," whispered Adonai—"Here, at least is Peace——"

"I cannot rest here," said Washington, still gazing toward the prairie. "I cannot rest with this man, who has met us with a lie upon his tongue."

The man of the cabin heard his words, and his face grew red with anger.

"A lie?" he echoed, and clenched his hand.

But as he was about to avenge the insult by a blow, the Arisen Washington turned and looked upon him, with a sudden glory upon his travel worn face, and a strange radiance in his steady gaze. And the man stood confused and dumb, his gaze enchained—he knew not why—to the face of Washington.

"A lie," he repeated in a tone of sadness—"It is even so. You offer us food and drink, and you have none to give. You offer us food and drink, and even if you have them to bestow, they do not belong to you, but to another."

"And," said the man, stricken by the look of Washington, as much as by his words, "And if the food and drink of my cabin, belong not to me, to whom do they belong?"

"*They belong to the man who owns the land*," was the answer of Washington. "You have not paid this man for the use of his land. Until you have paid him, you cannot call a cup of water nor a crust of bread your own."

The man fell back as though a strong hand had smote him on the forehead. He paused—attempted to speak—but it was a moment ere he could frame his thoughts in words.

"*The land is mine*," he said at length—"Therefore I owe no man for it. It is mine."

"By what title?" asked the Arisen Washington.

"By the toil of my arm," answered the man of the cabin, "and by the gift of Almighty God."

And a sad laughter played over Washington's face.

"How much of this prairie, do you claim by this title?" he asked.

"As much as myself and children have been able to cultivate," was the answer. "These fields I have cultivated, this corn I have planted, this Home I have built—I, and my children. The land is mine."

Washington turned to Adonai ——

"Saw ye ever so aged a man, under the influence of a delusion so wild?" he said. "Now mark you, he claims a title to a portion of the prairie, because he has planted these fields, and built this Home."

"And he is right," answered Adonai, remembering the Gospel, which he had heard in the Catacombs.

"Not so, not so," hurriedly replied Washington. "Come hither my friend. Turn your eyes to the east. Let the eye of your mind traverse a thousand miles of mountain and plain. Here you stand, prating of your ownership of this garden in the waste, while yonder—a thousand miles away—in the Great City, the real owner is sitting in the midst of his title deeds. You have made this bit of land your own, by occupancy and labor. The Necromancer of title deeds, has made it his own by paying a pittance to the government of the New World. It is not his design to toil upon it, nor to make it blossom with the labor of his hands. No. He has purchased not only the land on which your Home is built, but also thousands of acres, of this boundless Prairie. And when your labor has turned the waste into a garden—aye, when the Labor of men like you, has dotted the prairie, with cities, hamlets and smiling homes, then your Necromancer will reap his harvest. He will come in and possess the land, and the fruits of labor which adorn it, by means of his—title deeds. Possessing the land, he will also hold in his hands the power of life and death, over every man who lives upon it. He is wiser than you, this Necromancer. You only plant corn upon this land, and cut it down after it has ripened. He, sitting amid his title deeds, away in the great city, plants men upon the prairie—" he paused, "and when they are ripe he will cut them down. When their labor has covered this prairie with its harvest, he will put in the sickle of the Law, and reap the sustenance and the lives of all the laborers."

The countenance of the man of the cabin was troubled.

"By what right does he obtain possession of the land—this Necromancer?"

"By the law of the land, which sells thousands, aye and millions of acres, to the Man who does not work, but will not give the right to even so much as a foot of God's earth to the Man who does work."

"And this vast prairie is parcelled out among a few of these Necromancers! This wide sweep of God's earth is covered with the title deeds of men who never work, but who traffic in the sweat and blood of their kind!"

"Even so," answered the Arisen Washington. "Cast your eyes upon the prairie. There is land sufficient for the sustenance of half a million men dwelling in their own free homes. Cast your eye through three thousand miles of space. At a Banker's desk, in the city of Paris, in the Old World, sits the Banker who owns the greater portion of this prairie. He has bought it by millions of acres; bought it of your government, and has its ownership bound fast and secure within the charnel of his coffers. And——"

"And," interrupted Adonai, "men may people this prairie by thousands and

tens of thousands, but they will never dwell upon it, save as the vassals of the Banker of Paris, or the Necromancer of Philadelphia."

"So, my friend," resumed Washington, "You were wrong in offering food and drink when you have none of your own to give. First pay the Lord of the Land the proper tithe of all you produce for the use of the land, air and water. Or produce a better title than that which he holds.

The man of the cabin called to his child, whose face smiled from the cabin door.

"Daughter," he said, "Bring me the Book." And she came forth from the cabin, bearing in her hands a volume bound in dark leather, and clasped with iron clasps. As she stood by her father's side, with the sunshine playing in the mazes of her hair, the old man laid his hand upon the book which she held.

"Here is my title deed," he said, raising the other hand to the sky—"Here in this book, which declares that the laborer shall eat of the fruit of his hands, and which proclaims the judgment of God upon the wretch who defrauds the laborer of that fruit."

The sun shone upon his sunburnt brow, and upon the face of his daughter, even as he spoke.

"That title deed may be good enough for you," answered Washington, "But it is not good in law."

"Child," whispered the old man, "bring me the Declaration."

She went into the cabin, and presently came forth, bearing a roll of paper in her hands. The aged laborer placed the roll upon the book, and said—

"Here is another title deed, signed by fifty-six of the Apostles of Freedom, and baptized by the blood of seven years of Revolution. This proclaims the right of every man to 'life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.' Now, 'life' is a burden, when devoted to toil without a hope—'liberty' is a mockery, when it merely becomes the privilege to work for the good of the idle, or starve—'the pursuit of happiness' is but a delusion to the man who cannot say to his wife and children, of one spot of God's earth, 'This is OUR HOME.' By this sacred title deed, I claim the possession of this bit of land which I have planted with my own labor."

Again Washington exclaimed——

"It may be good enough for you, but it is not good *in law*."

The countenance of the old man was suddenly illumined with a look of hope, which gleamed athwart his sunburnt features like a gush of sunshine upon the bark of a rugged oak. Without another word he departed into the cabin.

While he was absent, his sons came up the hills and ranged their hardy forms beside their sister, gazing in wonder, not unmixed with awe, upon the faces of Adonai and the Arisen Washington.

And the mother came over the sward and stood beside her daughter, her countenance shadowed by anxiety, yet calm with the peace of a good conscience.

"It is a pleasant sight," whispered Adonai—"This mother and her three children. How could you have the heart to disturb the quiet of the life which they live in this wilderness of the prairies?"

Before Washington could answer, the old man came forth from his cabin, with these words on his lips:

"Here is yet another title deed," he said, and held in the light a Rifle, with a rusted tube and battered stock. "My father fought with *this* at Brandywine, and starved to death, with *this* in his hands, at Valley Forge."

He placed his hand upon the book and the roll, but with his other hand he lifted the battered Rifle into light.

"When the robbers of the Poor are not moved to mercy by the Book of God, or the Declaration of our fathers, then must the Poor teach unto these Robbers the Gospel of the Rifle."

These were the words which he spoke, as the sunshine played upon his sunburnt face, while his wife and children were grouped around him.

The Arisen Washington took the rifle, and examined the dints upon its rusted tube, and the marks of battle-service yet visible upon its battered stock. He knew the Rifle. At the sight his heart went back to Valley Forge.

"I saw your father lay dead upon the wintry ground, with this rifle in his frozen hands."

No exclamation of wonder broke from the lips of the father, the wife or the children. For as the words died on their ears, they looked into the face of the speaker—illumined as with a glory—and they knew that it was Washington who stood in their midst.

And they knelt with one accord.

And Washington lifted up the Rifle into sunlight, and knelt in their midst, and said this prayer:——

"Before this Land, O Lord, which thou hast given to the men who work, shall become the spoil of the Oppressor—whom neither the Book nor the Declaration can for one moment turn aside from his work of desolation—do Thou who didst nerve our hands at Brandywine, and who didst nerve our hearts at Valley Forge—do THOU nerve the hearts and the hands of thy People, even the Men who work, for this Gospel of the Rifle."

And Adonai, kneeling by his side, said "Amen."

And the sunburnt laborer, the aged mother, the maiden and the brothers, all echoed with one voice, "Amen."

It was a good sight to see the kneeling maiden, who held the Book with the Roll in her hands—good to see the sons with their eyes raised to heaven—good to see the aged laborer, with his bared arms lifted in the light, and good to behold the calm visage of the kneeling Mother—

And it was good to see the sunshine streaming upon the Rifle, which the hand of Washington raised in air, while Adonai, kneeling by his side, said, solemnly, "Amen."

XVIII. THE FEAST OF KINGS.

Washington and Adonai, in their pilgrimage over the world, came one night into a vaulted hall, lighted by many lamps, and with a table spread, as if for a banquet, in its centre. That table, decorated with fruits and flowers, was burdened with choice viands and golden goblets, scattered over its surface, gleamed in the light with their deep red wine.

And the vaulted hall was hung with scarlet, dotted with golden tears.

And when Washington and Adonai came unperceived into the place, they saw a mild-faced man, whose forehead was burdened with a Triple Crown, sitting in the throne at the head of the banquet, his hands extended in the act of benediction.

For he blessed the guests of the midnight festival, who were gorgeously clad, their faces redolent of good cheer and generous wine.

And the Man with the Triple Crown lifted up his voice and said ——

"Kings and Rulers of the world, we have met together once more, to celebrate, by solemn ceremonies, the sacred reign of Order and Law. We have eaten and we have drank together. The choicest viands and the richest wines have given new warmth and vigor to our blood. Now it becomes our task to speak of the work which we have done for Order and Law, within the past year. Let each King, each Ruler arise in his place, and speak to us of his own share in the good work, during the year which is gone."

And when the Man with the Triple Crown had finished, there arose a stalwart man, whose form was clad in military gear, and whose forehead was adorned by a golden crown, surmounted by a human skull.

"Brother Nicholas, who represents the good cause of Law and Order in the North and in the East," said the Man with the Triple Crown, as the other was about to speak.

Then Brother Nicholas spoke and said—

"In the East and in the North, the good cause of Law and Order flourishes with new vigor. Never in the course of eighteen hundred years, have its foundations been as secure as at this hour, nor its prospects as bright. Brothers! I have done a good work for the good cause, during the past year. Let the land of Hungary, covered with the corses of unburied rebels, attest my zeal in the holy work."

"Hail to Brother Nicholas!" cried all the Kings and Rulers in chorus—"He merits well the blessing of all the friends of Order and Law."

And another King arose—a King with a beardless chin and a vacant eye—and presented to his Brethren a scroll written in blood.

"Here is my work, Brothers"—and he smiled in vacant laughter—"Behold the record of the dead in Vienna, Florence, Venice, and Genoa."

When he had done, the Man with the Triple Crown patted him fondly on the head, and called him a good youth, adding in a lower tone:

"Thou hast done well, my child. Live only a few years longer, and thou shalt become a Master in the good work."

The next that arose was a woman who cradled a baby on her breast. In a soft, sweet voice, she presented to her brethren a prayer book, upon the title page of which were written the figures, 300,000.

"This is the number of the Skeletons which I have made, while engaged in the good work. Three years ago, these skeletons were living men and women and children. Now they bleach upon the soil of Ireland, in witness of my work, aided by a holy Famine."

And all the Kings cried, "Hail to our sweet sister!" after which the man with the Triple Crown took her Babe and blessed it, saying—

"When he becomes a Man, he too will make Skeletons for the good cause."

Then another King presented the record of the Dead of Germany, who had been offered up by him in the name of Order and Law. He too was hailed by his Brothers and blessed by the Man with the Triple Crown. And thus they spoke, one by one, until it became the turn of a man whose haggard face was relieved by beard on his upper lip.

And as the name which he bore was announced, all the Kings trembled, for that name was NAPOLEON. But when his other name, which was CAIN, was uttered, all the Kings broke into laughter, and said, one to another, "Behold our Convert!"

And the head of this man was surmounted by a paper crown, in the top of which was inserted a piece of human flesh. As he rose, an eagle descended from the ceiling, and attracted by the scent of blood, sat upon his paper crown, and began to eat the piece of flesh.

"Thus I teach my eagle how to fly!" said the Man who was called Cain Napoleon. "Brothers, I present to you the record of the Dead of France. Called by the People of France to be their Ruler, I became your Convert. In witness of my sincerity I point to the record of the dead whom I have slain—of the men whom I have cast into dungeons, and thrust forth into exile—of the liberties which I have crushed—of the Hopes of Millions which I have sold to the Men of Money. Admit me, Holy Father, into this good Brotherhood, and next year's work shall be better than the last."

As the Man with the Triple Crown blessed Cain Napoleon, he could not restrain his laughter, while the Kings said, one to another, "Behold the Man who teaches Eagles how to fly!"

And then came a Ruler who, representing the destinies of a People, had stood by and seen these Kings murder whole nations, in the name of Order and Law. He had not assisted in the work, save by his silence. But his silence was better

to the Kings than armies, and therefore the Man with the Triple Crown blessed him, and all the others called him "Brother."

And when the Arisen Washington—concealed by the hangings—beheld this Ruler, his spirit was covered with anguish and shame.

And he was about to give vent to his anguish in words, when the SILENT RULER, as if ashamed of the company in which he stood, wiped the blessing of the Man with the Triple Crown from his forehead, and turned his back upon the Kings, and hurried sadly from the place. And History, which, correctly interpreted, is the perpetual Revelation of Almighty God, will pass judgment upon the Silent Ruler, and accord to him good, if he has done good, and evil if he has done evil.

After the Silent Ruler had gone, all the Kings said in Chorus—"Curses upon the People which this man represents—eternal curses upon the Land over which he rules, for in that Land the Gospel and the Press are free

Then said Brother Nicholas—

"Holy Father, what hast thou done for the good work? It is now thy turn to speak. Let us have words of consolation from thy lips."

The man thus addressed smiled pleasantly—for his was a benevolent face—and arranged the Triple Crown upon his brow, pronounced a single word:

"ROME!"

Then there was laughter mingled with shouts of triumph, which continued for a long time. When silence was restored, the Holy Father spoke again:

"I have done better than all of ye. For ye have only killed in the name of Order and Law, while I have murdered in the name of God and Christ."

Then the ceiling rung with shouts, and in the midst of the uproar, the Holy Father drew forth from beneath the table an iron basin, which was filled with human blood.

"Let us confirm ourselves in the good work by a solemn ceremony," he said. "Come, every one, and dip his right hand in this basin, filled with the blood of Romans."

And one by one the Kings and Rulers passed by the Holy Father. Every King, as he passed, thrust his right hand into the basin, even to the wrist, and said aloud, "It is the blood of the Romans, who were slain by Pius, in the name of Christ and God."

Now the Arisen Washington and Adonai, who had beheld this scene, and heard these words, from their place of concealment behind the hangings, felt their hearts moved by a Revelation from the Higher World.

And Washington advanced alone and stood in the presence of the Kings, clad in the humble garb of Poverty and Toil. Without a word he placed upon the banquet table the Sword which he had wielded at Valley Forge.

The Kings trembled at the sight of that Sword, even as Belshazzar when he saw the Handwriting on the Wall.

Then Adonai came, clad in the blouse of Labor, and he confronted the Holy Father, and said, in a whisper, certain words which drove the color from his cheek, and caused him to tremble like a Felon at the approach of Judgment.

And these are the words which Adonai said to the Holy Father:

"THE LORD IS RISEN."

XIX. THE HOLY SEPULCHRE.

The Arisen Washington and Adonai, in their pilgrimage over the world, came to an immense plain, which extended on every side, as far as eye could see, and was lost at length in the hazy mist, which marked the circle of a boundless horizon.

It was a desert of hot sand, whereon neither fruit nor herbage grew; on every side, bleak, brown and arid, it stretched away, level as the floor of a temple, until it disappeared in the mists of the horizon.

Over this plain hung a sky of unbroken cloud, which was of a leaden hue, save that it was illumined by a pale lurid glare.

And though Washington and Adonai journeyed on this plain for days, they never beheld the rising nor setting of the sun, nor caught one gleam of the moon, nor even the ray of a solitary star.

In place of the Sun, a globe of fire, which seemed to emit flame, without light or heat, hung on the verge of the eastern horizon, between the canopy of leaden cloud, and the brown arid earth. It hung there evermore, never for a moment changing its position, and in place of night and day, the sky and the earth, were shrouded in a perpetual twilight.

And Washington and Adonai journeyed on, without once resting by the way. They journeyed on, while a space of time, equal to many days and nights, passed by. Their footsteps never once knew rest, nor their souls peace. It was ever and ever that leaden sky and brown waste, illumined with the ghastly beams of the globe of fire, which hung upon the verge of the eastern horizon.

And their souls were weary for the repose of the grave, once more. And they prayed incessantly that their bodies might return to the dust, and that their souls—their better and immortal nature—might be permitted to rise again, into the regions of the Higher Life.

And their Prayer was not answered.

At length, after journeying as it seemed for thousands of miles—for without any mark or guide they travelled ever in a circle—they found themselves suddenly on the borders of an immense multitude, which blackened the plain on every side, even from the centre of the waste, to the dreary horizon.

It was a multitude of people, gathered from all the nations and tribes of the earth.

Men and women and children were there, clad all alike in rags, and smitten by disease that had never known relief, and hunger that had never known bread. As for water there was none. No spring burst from the hot sand—heated as if by the fires of a hidden volcano—and upon the accursed plain, no showers from God descended.

And the multitude swayed to and fro, like the waves of an ever restless ocean.

And a vast brooding murmur, composed of innumerable moans and sighs, gathered into one low chorus of despair, rose without ceasing to the leaden sky.

And the men turned their faces in dumb despair to the globe of fire, which hung on the eastern horizon, and the women raised their wan eyes to the lurid canopy of clouds, and the children hid their faces in their mothers' breasts, as though affrighted at the desolation of the fearful place.

Washington and Adonai, led around by an influence which they could not resist, silently threaded their way through the hosts of the immense multitude.

And as they passed on along they beheld the faces of all nations. They saw the faces of all men that people the earth of God.

Irishmen were there, raising their famine-wasted hands above their blasted foreheads.

Frenchmen were there, kneeling on the earth, with their faces buried against the sand.

Englishmen were there, carrying burdens on their backs, which bowed them to the dust.

Russians were there in chains, with their eyes veiled even from the dim light.

Hungarians were there, with their wasted faces covered with the blood of their murdered kindred.

Romans were there, with the arms of every one tied behind his back to an Iron Cross which, sharp at the edges, cut the hands which it manacled.

Negroes, Caffirs, Hindoos, Indians, the men of China, Japan, and the Islands of the sea—the men of Europe and the New World—these all were there, with their wives, their mothers, their sisters and their little ones.

It was as though all the Poor of the World had been gathered together by the fiat of God.

The sight would have been fearful in the centre of a blooming landscape, and in the light of a summer sky, but in the midst of that desolation, whose earth was blasted, and whose sky was accursed, the sight was awful and sublime.

And as the red globe hung on the verge of the eastern horizon, Adonai and Washington passed silently onward, until they penetrated the centre of the multitude.

There a new sight awaited them.

In the centre of the desert arose a Sepulchre, whose door was inserted into a frame of rocks.

The Sepulchre started up abruptly from the level of the scene, and through the crevices of its iron door, beautiful rays of light trembled out upon the gloom. Beautiful in truth were those rays, and full of power, for wherever they shone, the earth was green and covered with flowers.

But the Sepulchre was encircled by a band of men clad in rich apparel—a band of Priests, of Kings and Rich Men, who formed a wall around it, and kept the light from the eyes of the multitude.

The Kings of all nations were there. Whether they wore robes of purple, or crowned their foreheads with turbans, or yet arrayed themselves in unpretending attire, they still manifested the same anxiety to keep the eyes of the multitude from the light.

And the Priests aided them. Priests who brandished crosses of iron, stood ranged in the same circle with Priests who held iron books in their hands. Priests who wore crescents on their brows, joined arms with Priests who adorned themselves with images of snakes and obscene reptiles.

And these, the Kings and Priests, formed the outer circle around the Sepulchre, and within these were ranged the Rich Men of the world, Rich Men of all Nations, yet all with gold in their clenched hands, and perfumed attire upon their limbs.

And the light from the Sepulchre, which caused fruits and flowers to grow within this circle, never once shone beyond it upon the faces of the countless multitude.

And when Washington and Adonai saw this circle of Kings, Priests, and Rich Men extending around the Sepulchre, like a wall, they were stricken with deep wonder.

And they stood for a long time buried in thought. At last, said Adonai unto one of the multitude who stood near the verge of the crowd—

"What means this countless array of miserable ones? What means this circle of Kings, Priests, and Rich Men, who surround yonder Sepulchre?"

And the man, whose face was wasted and whose form was clad in rags, answered in a voice which sounded like the moan of a lost soul—

"We are the poor of the world. For eighteen hundred years it has been the lot of the Poor to sow that others might reap, to seek shelter in a grave, so that the Rich might dance upon the very sod which enclosed the corse. As our fathers suffered so we have suffered. But a voice has reached us in our desolation, and bade us hasten from all parts of the world to this desert—"

"Wherefore?" interrupted Washington.

"Because here we shall discover the secret of the spell, by which these Kings, Priests, and Rich Men have been enabled to oppress us these eighteen hundred years," answered the Man.

"And that secret?" said Adonai.

"They have taken the body of our Lord and, until a little while ago, we knew not where they had laid him. Yea, they have taken His body, who loved us while he lived, and blessed our little children, and shared our crust and cup, and died for us all at last—they have taken his body and imprisoned it in a Sepulchre with an iron door. And it is the condition of their Power, that they must keep his body there, in the Sepulchre, away from us. And not only His Body, but also the rays of Light which escape through the crevices of the Sepulchre. For there is Power in those rays."

And the Man wept.

"What manner of Power?" asked the Arisen Washington.

"Power to make the desert blossom, and not only the desert of sand, but the desert of a human heart, made barren and dead by ages of oppression. Power to bring gladness to the eyes of this countless array of the miserable—power to bring bread to these hungry ones, and to transform this murmur of unutterable mourning into a Prayer of joy and praise—O, that we might but for a moment behold those blessed rays!"

"What prevents you from beholding them?" asked Washington.

"This circle of kings, of priests and rich men. We have besought them, to permit us to pass, but in vain—in vain."

"Why do you not rush forward, even through the circle, and grasp the doors of the Sepulchre, even with your own hands, knotted by Labor?" So asked Adonai.

The Man, whose tears fell without ceasing, looked at the twain with surprise.

"Ah!" he sighed, "We are taught that these kings, these priests, these lords, have a *right* to the body of the Lord—a *right* to the rays which come from his Sepulchre—while we have only a right, to darkness, hunger and death."

And he knelt on the sand.

"How do you know that your LORD is there? How do you know that rays of light stream from his Sepulchre?"

Thus asked Washington as he laid his hand upon the shoulder of the kneeling wretch.

And at the question, he raised his eyes, which even through the twilight shone with a strange sad Hope—sad indeed, yet still a Hope.

"Our hearts tell us, that HE is there!" he said, and laid his wasted hand upon his breast. As soon as we drew near this place, after our long pilgrimage, from the uttermost parts of the earth, we felt a trembling at our hearts—a flash like light from Heaven in our brains—and we said one to the other, "*Our* LORD *is very near.*"

And both the Arisen Washington and the Arisen Adonai, wondered in their inmost souls, wherefore this countless multitude did not thrust these kings and priests aside, by their very weight, and rush at once to the Sepulchre and the Light.

But their wonder was soon past.

For as they stood, in that sombre scene, between the circle and the countless multitude, a man rushed from the crowd, and endeavoured to press through the circle.

But a priest touched him, with an iron cross, and he was dead. There was magic in that iron cross—a sad terrible magic.

And the Priests, Kings, and Rich Men, divided his body, ere it was cold, and fed upon his flesh.

And another wretch came tremblingly forward and knelt at their feet, and said——

"O! Mighty ones of the earth—O! Kings, and Priests, and Rich Men! Hear but for an instant the prayer of these suffering ones, who only desire to look but for a moment upon the Sepulchre of their Lord. Hear us, by our days and nights of hunger and darkness—hear us by the skeletons of our fathers which strew your altars and your battle-fields—hear us by the flesh of our dead, upon which ye and such as ye have made your banquet for eighteen hundred years. Hear us—let us behold the Sepulchre—and then the Lord will come among us—then the Sun will rise and the perpetual twilight will become Day."

And to this pitiful Litany, the murmur of the multitude said, Amen!

And in answer to this prayer, one of the Priests smote the suppliant with an iron book, and another pierced his eyes with an iron cross, and a third divided his bleeding carcass among his brethren, who fed with eager appetites upon his flesh.

And in this manner was answered the prayer of every suppliant.

One was killed by the sceptre of a king, another by the axe in the hands of a Rich Man, and a third by the iron book or the iron cross of a priest.

Yet still the fate of the suppliants did not deter their brethren, who continued in groups of one, of two, of three—yea, sometimes in hundreds—to rush forward, pray and die.

And as they died they were rent to pieces and devoured.

Some there were, who parting from the multitude, prayed for awhile, at the feet of those who encircled the Sepulchre, and then—to the astonishment of their brethren—were taken into that circle, and clad like the Priests or Kings, or Rich Men.

And once within that Circle, they cursed the multitude which they had left, and told the miserable ones "to howl and die," with peals of mocking laughter.

It was a very sad thing to see these Traitors feeding upon the flesh of their brothers, with whom they had wandered over the entire globe, while searching for the Sepulchre.

All these things saw Adonai and Washington, as they stood between the Circle of the Few, and the multitude of the Countless Many.

And Adonai said with a heavy heart—

"O! that we might learn the spell which shall confound the magic of these Priests, and bring to ruin the Sorcery of these Kings."

"O that we might break their Circle, and bring these sufferings ones to the Sepulchre and the Light," groaned Washington.

At this moment a Man advanced from the crowd. He was clad in rags. His limbs were distorted by labor. His hands were knotted, and his face was covered with scars.

"He is going to his Death," said Washington. But the Man did not kneel at the feet of the Priests, nor do homage to the Rich Men and the Kings.

He turned his back upon the Circle, and his face, seamed with scars, was toward the multitude.

Thus, standing under the leaden sky, his bent form seemed to dilate with some powerful emotion, as he opened his parched lips and spoke. His voice was low, but the People heard it.

"We have tried prayers long enough," he said. "Long enough have we tried tears. It is in vain to attempt to move these Kings, these Priests, these Rich Men, with prayers or tears."

He paused.

And Washington turning his eyes to the multitude, saw that they were moved at the sound of his voice. Adonai, turning to the circle, saw a tremor stir its living wall.

"Shed your tears upon the granite rock, and ask it to give you bread—pray to the tiger, and beseech him to permit you to remove his fangs, so that you may touch him without harm—but never expect to move the heart of a King or a Priest by prayers or tears, much less the hearts of the Rich Men, who stand at the backs of Priests and Kings."

At these words the Priests started and whispered to the Kings, and the multitude hushed into awful stillness, with the glare of the red globe upon their wan faces, raised with one impulse their wasted hands toward the speaker.

As for Washington and Adonai, they hung upon his every word.

"You have prayed to these priests—they have answered you with death. You have shed your tears at the feet of those kings—they have fed upon your flesh. You have clutched the garments of these rich men—they have quenched their thirst with your blood. Now," it seemed as if his low voice was gifted with more than mortal power, for it floated over the heads of millions—"NOW THE DAY OF PRAYERS AND TEARS HAS PAST. THE DAY OF JUDGMENT HAS COME."

And the Priests and Kings and Rich Men began to tremble with one impulse, at the same time veiling the fear which had seized them with bursts of mocking laughter.

But the multitude, stirred like the waves of a stormy sea, yet silent as death, said with one voice——

"The Day of Judgment! What mean you?"

"I mean that there is a spell by which we can break the circle which these oppressors have formed around the Sepulchre of our Lord. A spell which will

destroy their magic, and bring the judgment of their crimes upon their own heads."

He paused, while the multitude, hushed into deeper awe, reached forth their million hands in earnest though silent entreaty.

He paused, while the Priests laughed more loudly, at the same time trembling in every limb; he paused, and came to the place where Washington and Adonai stood.

Without a word, he took from beneath the arm of Washington, an object which he had covered with a cloth, and girded to his side.

Washington looked on in deep wonder, but did not resist him, for a voice within him said, "The time has come."

And the Man turned to the multitude and lifted up the cloth which covered the object before their million eyes. It was stained with blood.

"The Blood of the Martyrs!" said the Man.

Then a groan came from the circle which was about the Sepulchre—a groan from the heart of every Priest, Rich Man, and King.

"The Blood of the Martyrs!" cried the Man. "THE BLOOD OF HOLY REVOLUTION!"

And the multitude, swaying to and fro, began to understand. And they shouted until the leaden sky rang again—"The Blood of Holy Revolution—it is better to behold it than to be devoured by these Priests and Kings."

Then the Man lifted on high the object which the cloth had covered.

It was a sword.

It was darkened by rust, and there were stains of blood upon the blade.

"THE SWORD OF WASHINGTON," cried the Man.

And the multitude hailed it with a million outstretched hands.

A cry rent the stillness. It was the utterance of the anguish which thrilled through the breast of King, Priest, and Rich Man. They knew that sword.

"Not the sword of aimless carnage, baptized by Priests, and wielded by Kings trained to Murder"—thus spoke the Man—"*But* THE SWORD OF WASHINGTON, *grasped by the hands of* THE LABORERS OF A WHOLE WORLD."

And the shout which went up from a million voices, sounded like a funeral knell in the ears of the Oppressor.

And Washington, moved with pity for these trembling tyrants, besought the Man to return him his sword—to spare these Lords who had never spared the People—to attempt, at least, the force of persuasion and prayers once more.

And the Man, looking Washington full in the face, uttered these words—

"ROME! FRANCE! HUNGARY! IRELAND!"

And Washington was silent.

And the Man raised the sword of Washington in the air, until it caught the light of the red globe upon its point, and then advancing to those who encircled the Sepulchre, he cried—

"*Room there—room for the* PEOPLE *who have come to kneel at the* SEPULCHRE OF THEIR LORD."

—The end of this I cannot tell, but as the Man advanced they trembled, even the Rich Men, Priests, and Kings.

XX. THE ARISEN WASHINGTON IN INDEPENDENCE HALL.

After journeying over the globe, Adonai and the Arisen Washington came to Philadelphia. It was winter, and the streets were covered with snow. Night had fallen, and from rich men's mansions came the glare of banquet—gleaming over the frozen snow—as Adonai in his blouse, and Washington in the threadbare coat of extremest poverty, paused in front of Independence Hall. They were about to enter that place, and meditate awhile among the ghosts of the heroes, when they beheld a Rich Man and a Poor Man engaged in earnest conversation in front of the Hall. They listened—

"Come," said the Rich Man, who was portly and warmly clad, and perfumed as if for a festival—"Come! the banquet is spread, and the wine is ready. Come—be one of US. Why continue to write about the wrongs and sufferings of the Poor, when such a course will ever condemn you to be one of the Poor? Forget all these things—devote your pen to us—speak and write in favour of the Few—by your writings teach the Many that it is Religion for them to spend their sweat, their blood, and their lives for US. Come—why do you hesitate? be one of us. Why should you write always for the Poor?"

And the Poor Man, who was an Author, who was in years young, and in suffering old and worn, wrapped about his slender form a threadbare coat, and said—

"Come with me, and I will show you why I always write for the Poor. I will show you—why even if I would—I cannot do otherwise."

And the Rich Man took the Poor Man by the arm, and they went forth through the City together. Adonai and the Arisen Washington followed their footsteps unperceived.

At length the Poor Man paused before an humble tenement, from whose basement window came a faint ray of light.

"Look down," whispered the Poor Man, and the Rich Man looked, and saw the pale face of a Woman, who was toiling with the needle, while her orphaned brothers and sisters—her widowed and aged mother—slept in the corners of the place. "She supports them by her labors," said the Poor Man. "She works

sixteen hours every day, and gets a penny for every hour. With that she buys bread and pays rent. There are ten thousand such as these in Philadelphia."

The Rich Man was silent. The Poor Man led him through many scenes—followed silently by Adonai and Washington—and showed how there was feasting on one side of a brick wall and starvation on the other—how a marble Bank stood in the broad street, while the orphans whom it had robbed and driven into crime were rotting in the Felon's cell—how splendid Churches rose everywhere for the Rich, while everywhere were dark courts, rank with pestilence, for the Poor—how the Few were wrapping themselves in wealth in great mansions, while the Many, whose labor fed the luxury of the Few, hid their rags in hovels, and drowned their despair in draughts of liquid fire.

And the Rich Man grew afraid, and murmured "Sodom and Gomorrah!" and looked up to the winter sky, as if he expected the rain of fire and brimstone to fall.

But the Poor Man led him on, and showed him the retreats where pollution wraps itself in fine apparel—where Woman, driven by extremest want, sells more than life, for a cup of wine, a bed of down, and—a grave in Potter's Field—where the appetites of the Rich Libertine feed upon the damnation of the daughters of the poor, whom society has denied work and bread.

And the Rich Man, when he saw all this, began to weep—for God had not forgotten him, and there was still a human heart in his breast.

"This," he said, "this is why you write always for the Poor?"

But the Poor Man did not directly answer, for the contest between Good and Evil was strong within him—and now, as at other times, when he remembered what he had felt and seen in the large city, he forgot the forgiveness of the Gospel, and his swarthy face grew corrugated with a ferocious hatred, as he wondered to himself why the Judgment of God delayed so long. And he stood choked by his emotion, struggling with the bad within him, until a better spirit came over him, and he answered mildly—"Yes, this, what you have seen with me to-night, is why I write always for the Poor."

And they separated; the Rich Man going home, with the thought upon his soul, that he and his class were guilty wretches in the sight of God, so long as there was one man or woman suffering for want of bread or home within the limits of the Great City.

As for Adonai and the Arisen Washington, they followed the Poor Man to his home, in the outskirts of the city, and entered after him, unperceived, and stood in his room, as he sat down alone, and took up his pen. And they saw doubt and despair gather over his face, as he wondered to himself, whether it was not right, after all, for the Poor to suffer and die, and for the Rich to grow merry upon their graves. And they saw him, as he was alone there, in that room, turn to the memorials of the dead people of his kindred, which were upon his table, and heard him as he wished bitterly, that the clod which rested upon the brows of those dead were upon his own—that the stillness which had fallen upon them

would also fall upon him. For he was weary of struggling, and the hope which had lighted him so long flickered low—he was anxious to be where the contrast of hideous wealth and hideous poverty should sting his soul no more—after years of hardship, such as might turn a heart to stone—he was anxious to be at rest. To him then, as he sat alone, the grave came up like a vision of a narrow door to a Better Land.

And Adonai, who, with the Arisen Washington, had watched the struggles of the Poor Man, whose many faults, may be, were mingled with virtues as strong and resolute—Adonai drew near and shook him rudely by the shoulder.

"Why dost thou rail at the vices of society?" he said. "Art thou so pure, so moral, that thou canst call the tyrants of the world to an account?"

At first the Poor Man made no reply in words, but pointing to the memorials of his dead, which lay upon the table—pointing to a record of his hard and bitter life, which was also there—he placed his hand upon certain letters which appeared upon the wall. These letters were I. H. S.

"This is my only excuse," said the Poor Man. "I write as I do, because 'I Have Suffered.'"

The moon rose clear and bright in a cloudless sky—the snow glittered like silver beneath the leafless trees of Independence Square—when Washington and Adonai passed through the door of Independence Hall. As they stood where, seventy-three years before, the Signers had stood, Adonai said—

"Here, seventy-three years ago, the Gospel of the New World was proclaimed."

But Washington sat down near the chair of Hancock, and buried his face in his hands, for his heart was sick with the evils which he had seen, not only in Europe, aged with tyranny, but in the New World, which God has given to the Workers of the human race.

And a voice went forth from the soul of Washington to the dead, calling upon the men of old to rise again and fill that sacred place once more.

He stood up in the moonlight, and as his way-worn apparel was disclosed by the silver rays, he said aloud:

"Rise! Rise, ye dead! For in this land, which ye helped to make free, seventy years ago, now needs your spirit and your counsels again. In her Senates Oppression and Treason sit side by side—among her People two classes begin to appear in terrible contrast, the immensely rich and the immensely poor—to the laws of her Traffic are sacrificed, day after day, the priceless blood of souls. Rise ye men of old! Bleeding under the iron feet of ten thousand wrongs, this Land needs your spirit and your counsels once again!"

And at the call of the Arisen Washington, the Dead appeared in Independence Hall, their shadowy faces bathed in moonlight. It seemed to Adonai, who stood wondering near the very spot where the Declaration was signed, as though ten

thousand forms were in that hall, whose limits might scarcely contain an hundred living men.

Jefferson was there, and Hancock and Franklin, Sherman and Paine; there the famished men of Valley Forge; and Warren, and Hayne, and Hale, the three Martyrs; there all the Signers, together with all who acted, suffered or died in the time of the Revolution, when the New World was in travail for Brotherhood. It was a solemn sight to see them come and go—gliding here and there—in the light of the moon, with Washington in their midst.

"From whence shall come the Hope which is to free Humanity?" said the Arisen Washington.

"Neither from the rich nor the great; neither from the statesman nor the mock philanthropist of the world—" It was the voice of Jefferson that answered. "The arm that is to free the world, shall strike from the hovel of Poverty, and the workshop of Labor."

"And when the arm has done its work, then a word, spoken from the lips of the oppressed and poor, shall give peace to the world—" It was Adonai, who filled with a divine impulse, now spoke: "*That word is* BROTHERHOOD."

XXI. THE GLOBE, THE SUN AND ROSY CROSS.

Night closed dark and gloomy. The wind howled in awful music through the blackness of mountain ravines. Among the pines, it sighed in mournful cadence, like the last utterance of a departing soul. Soon impenetrable blackness covered the plains below, while the mountain rose, white and mysterious above the gloom, a single ray of moonlight trembling on its crown of snow.

Adonai, staff in hand, toiled up the mountain side. Near him walked the Arisen Washington. Sick of the earth, and of the suffering which clothed it, they ascended slowly toward the mountain's summit, their feet weary and their hearts full of sadness. Darkness was about them—they could not see each other's faces—in the gloom they attempted to converse, but their voices were drowned by the blast. So clasping hands in the darkness, they struggled on, beneath the moaning branches of the pine, and through the awful chasms of the ravine.

For called by a Voice, higher than the voices of this world, they had departed from the faces of men, and sought the mountain top, which glittered above the blackness like a star.

"There the last great secret shall be told us," said Adonai.

"There the highest truth shall be revealed," whispered the Arisen Washington.

And then the pine branches quivered, and the wind howled deep and long, and

the Wanderers struggled on—below them the faces and the homes of men—above them the last scene of their pilgrimage and the revelation of the highest truth.

It was near midnight on the first of January 1851.

Passing through a misty cloud, which girted the mountain, they at length emerged upon its highest peak—a platform of glittering ice, in whose centre rose a black and sullen rock.

Joining hands across the rock, the Wanderers gazed around.

The moonbeams fell faintly upon the form of Adonai, clad in the blouse, and disclosed the figure of Washington the Arisen, attired in the garb of extremest poverty. Beautiful was the face of Adonai, with icicles shining among his golden locks, and beautiful the face of Washington, with its broad pale forehead, glittering in the mysterious light.

They gazed above—the sky was clothed in white mist, through which the moonbeams gleamed but dim and faint.

They gazed beneath—a sea of cloud and storm, like a shoreless whirlpool, was tossing there.

And at the sight their hearts grew heavier.

"Is this a type of the world's Future?" moaned Adonai.

But scarce had the words passed from his lips, when a Miracle took place. Like the fancy of a troubled dream the storm vanished. Adonai and Washington fell on their knees and uttered a prayer.

And thus kneeling on the lone mountain top, they gazed beneath, and beheld the entire world—its kingdoms, tribes and people—stretched like a map, around and beneath them.

From the far extremity of Asia, to the western shore of America—from the equator to the ice regions of the north and south—the WORLD was there, its kingdoms and its people, in one grand and sublime panorama.

All its wealth—all its poverty—all its splendid crime—all its unfathomable misery—the pomp of its cities and their degradation too—the glitter of its rivers and the majesty of its oceans, white with ships—the world itself was there, a picture painted by no human hand—and there, moving in innumerable armies, the millions of the human race.

"You have desired to know the Future of the human race," a Voice spoke to the souls of Adonai and Washington. "That Future is before you. First of all look to Europe."

They looked to Europe. Sight of all sights, the world has ever seen, most sad and horrible!

Europe was lighted with fires, even as altar fires, from Ireland to Italy—yes, from the Giant's Causeway to the Dome and Colosseum of old Rome—from the snows of Siberia to the waves of the Atlantic sea. A light on every hill, a cloud of fire above every city—Europe was arched with a rainbow of flame. And everywhere the earth shook with the tread of armies. Everywhere the sky

flung back the sounds of triumph and of death. Like wrecks on a blood-red sea, crowns and thrones were tossing everywhere. And two separate cries pierced the heavens.

"Rocks fall on us! Mountains cover us!"

This was the cry of Pope and King, who now fled madly to and fro, conscious that earth could hold their infamy no longer.

And in answer to the cry, another was heard—uttered by twenty million voices—chorused by the tramp of twenty million men—with the music of bayonet, and cannon, ringing through each and every pause.

"Rise, people of all lands! Rise, men of earth, and now! Arise! Arise!

Gone is the night of prayers and tears!

Hear us ghosts of Hungary! Hear us dead of Rome!

Ireland from the graves of thy famine-slain—Arise, arise, and now!

France, once more lift up thy martyr arm—Rise, men of all lands, people of all nations rise!

For the night of tears is gone, and the dawn is in the sky!

Tremble not, Brothers, tremble not! The Red Sea is before us—tremble not! For Pharaoh's hour is come!"

And as this wild anthem, uttered by the Arisen People, filled the Heavens, throughout all Europe, the People were seen doing fierce judgment upon their Oppressors.

O, it was an awful sight—the People in arms, and Pope and King and Lord on their knees, before the uplifted steel! And that steel flashed beautifully.

Adonai hid his eyes—"Spare them! spare them!" he shrieked.

"Spare them!" echoed Washington, falling on his face.

But a voice, calm in its awful depths, was wafted to them, saying these words:

"*Whom did these Oppressors spare in the years* 1848 *and* 1849?"

"But is not peaceful progress possible for Europe?" cried Adonai, questioning in wild anguish the voice.

And this was the answer:

"Is peaceful progress possible for the infant whose throat is in the tiger's clutch? Rome, with thy battlements smeared with the martyrs' blood, answer! Answer, O Hungary, from amid the heaps of thy battle-dead! Speak, Ireland, from the corses of thy famine-slain. Speak, France and Germany! Can peace be kept with tigers hungry for human blood?"

And then a cloud swept over Europe, thus struggling in the throes of her Last Revolution.

And on the sight of Adonai and Washington the Arisen, dawned the New World, even from the snows of the north to the waves of the far southern city.

In the East rose cities, gorgeous with the spoils of commerce—in the west glittered golden California.

"Look Adonai. When my starving men lay in nakedness, hunger and disease at Valley Forge, then this Union was composed of thirteen thinly settled colonies, placed between the Atlantic and the Alleghanies. Behold it now! From Niagara and St. Lawrence to the Gulf, from the Atlantic to the Pacific! Behold Adonai, the mightiest empire of the age."

They looked and listened.

All over the land the roar of the steam engine was heard. The clang of iron wheels upon roads of iron, broke harshly through the stillness. The lighted windows of the Factory blazed through the darkness on every hand. From Golden California to the Empire City, huge cities reared their heads, swarming with countless souls. An empire no less bewildering in the suddenness of its growth than in the god-like glory—or yet the awful gloom—of its Future.

"Not an Empire," said Adonai, "but the last altar of human Brotherhood—the scene of God's last experiment with the human race—such is the New World."

Then said the Arisen Washington, as at a glance he surveyed that vast expanse of land, swarming with souls:

"O, shall this New World mount to her high destiny and fulfil her high mission by means of *peaceful progress* alone?"

A mocking laugh broke on the air, and a dark shadow was cast between Washington and Adonai, even as they knelt upon the summit of the mountain.

Shuddering Adonai recognized the EXECUTIONER, with his face resembling an inverted pyramid, agitated with laughter, and his sombre eyes blazing with infernal light.

"It is HE, who eighteen hundred years ago, in the vaults of the Catacombs, predicted the failure of Christianity, and the perpetuity of poverty, crime, and all forms of Evil." Thus muttered Adonai.

"You talk of *peaceful progress*," said the Executioner, with a fiend-like laugh —"I tell you this land is mine," and he swept his iron hand toward the horizon. "Mine! Its progress shall be peaceful, but it shall progress to ruin. I have been driven from the Old World, but this New World is mine!"

"SATAN!" muttered Adonai, as he saw a pale radiance playing about the brow of the Executioner.

"Listen," continued that sombre Figure, towering there in his sullen grandeur, on the mountain top. "Listen Washington, and then curse yourself for your folly, in trying to free the Land by seven years of Revolution. Listen Adonai, and then curse the Christ in whom you believe. This land is mine, and here will I bring the human race to a point of degradation never known before. Kings, and Lords, and Popes, shall never rule here, but in their place you will have a Despot with talons of iron, and a granite heart—the MONEY CHANGER. In the cities shall reign supreme the lust of traffic—the lust of getting money for money's sake, no matter at what cost of suffering or woe—corrupting in every human heart every hope that looks higher than the Dollar Out yonder on the

broad prairies shall dwell, not Lords of old, with lance and spear—but Lords of Land, who, owning all the Land, shall in effect own the lives and souls of the millions who toil upon those lands. Yonder in the Earth, the very *presence* of the African race is sure to give birth at first to Disunion, and then to a war of races—a war of annihilation between the white and black. Amid scenes like these what will become of your beloved Masses—your People? Despoiled by the Men of Money—bought and sold by the Lords of Land—employed as soldiers to cut each other's throats—swept off by one plague after another—embruted by the very air of the large cities—worked like beasts of burden in factory and workshop—what then will become of your Masses? No—Adonai and Washington—learn the truth at last. Progress is a lie. Mankind were born to be the prey of a few oppressors—born to work, suffer, and die. The instruments of degradation may change their names, but they are always the same. And thus I feel—I know that this New World is mine—my lawful spoil—the scene of the utter and final degradation of the human race."

Adonai bowed his head—he could not answer the EXECUTIONER. For appearances too much confirmed the words of the SATAN. Troubled and groaning, Washington cast himself upon his face in very weariness of soul.

And the Satan folding his arms, stood mocking at their laughter.

But suddenly, as Adonai in the fulness of his agony exclaimed, "O! it is all in vain, this hope of human progress, which has had its martyrs and its prophets for these thousands of years"—suddenly, yes even as these words passed his lips, the eyes of Adonai were unsealed to the clear vision of his higher life, and he beheld himself encircled by a shining band. He was encircled by the spirits of those, who in all ages, and in face of all manner of superstition, avarice, and despair, had held fast to hope in Man, to trust in God, and to faith in the *social regeneration of mankind.*

The mountain top was alive with their forms—not vague mist-like shapes, but spiritual bodies, composed of substance, but of substance as much more refined than electricity than electricity is more refined than flesh. The Satan mocked as he beheld them, but he trembled.

The Seers of all ages were there—the Arisen Washington uttered a shout of prayer and joy. Of all ages, called by all manner of names—Christian, Heathen, Dreamer, Infidel—all were there in shining groups.

Some of them known in their earthly life as PLATO, SOCRATES, SWEDENBORG, SIR THOMAS MORE, FOURIER—these and a thousand others—many unknown to earthly fame—but known to Heaven and God—these joined hands, in one vast circle, which girt the mountain top. And with one voice they said—

"Behold us! We are here! We, who in all ages, and in climes widely removed, and in face of all manner of superstition, avarice and despair, have witnessed to the truth, that *Man is capable of social regeneration, that Society is capable of social re-organization, that it is the will of the* ONE AND LIVING GOD *that Heaven shall begin upon this earth, so that it may go on in the Other*

World. This truth, in various forms, and in all speech, we witnessed in our earthly lives—we witness it now, before the angels and the only GOD."

That holy confession of Faith seemed to take wings even from the mountain top, and float from thence over the American Continent and over the world.

Adonai and Washington heard it in praise and prayer, but SATAN mocked bitterly, saying—

"Dreamers! Dreamers all! From Plato down to the latest of ye all! A fine dream, but how will you ever accomplish it? Can I not bring you a thousand statesmen and ten thousand theologians, to prove that this world is to be given up to Evil, and the mass of mankind to misery, poverty and sin, until the globe itself expires in flames? Fine dreams, but how will you accomplish them?"

And triumphant in his mockery, he gazed upon the shining throng who were troubled by his words.

Even as hand joined in hand, they circled the mountain top with forms of living light, they felt the truth of their belief, but were confounded by the question of the Fiend—"How will you accomplish it?"

There was silence.

Adonai spoke—"Trust not to appearances of evil, Brothers, nor be discouraged by the surface of things, for I tell you, that a Spirit moves now at the hearts of the millions of mankind, as that Spirit has moved for eighteen hundred years—an actual Spirit, Brothers, that puts strength into the weakest arm, and hope into the most fainting heart—that Spirit will call forth the men and create the deeds that shall re-create the world. Hark!" he bent his head and listened. "Hark! I hear His footsteps now!"

And up the mountain side, through the ranks of the shining throng, there came a WAYFARING MAN, attired in the humblest garb. Every eye beheld Him. His footsteps resounded not only on that mountain side, but over all the World.

And when He reached the mountain summit, and his FACE was seen, all bowed down and worshipped. For they knew the Love which shone from his eyes.

"MASTER!" they said.

The Satan was no longer seen. He had faded into air.

And as the FACE of the MASTER shone from the mountain top upon the kneeling throng—that throng composed of the Seers and Prophets and Believers of all ages—His hand was outstretched and this symbol was seen in the sky, hovering above the American Continent—

A dark globe, a white cross and rising sun—the dark globe tinted with golden rays and the white cross blushing in the rosy light.

And this Song arose–

"Rejoice! A Spirit moves the globe, and its pulsations echo in the hearts of all true men!

"Rejoice! They have killed him whom we loved—they have sealed his grave—but rejoice, for now we know that he is risen indeed.

"MAN, torn and suffering, lift thy head.

"Lift thy head, for lo! a Face approaches and a Hand is beckoning.

"Rejoice! The MASTER comes."

Washington sleeps in Mount Vernon, and Adonai in the Catacombs, but——

The globe, the cross and sun are yet in the sky, and the globe is bright, and the cross is rosy, with the fast coming Day.

THE COMING TIME.

The good time 's coming! Doubt who will,
Ye cannot quench the burning ray
That, piercing through the night of wrong,
Gives promise of a brighter day.
The tyrant, steeped to lips in blood,
The priest, defiled by fraud and crime,
May threat with gyves and threat with beads,
They cannot stay the Coming Time!

The good time 's coming! Not with peace,
Till thrones are felled and chains are broke
But like a warrior, bravely armed,
With slash of sword and sabre stroke;
And wo betide the evil creed,
The feudal caste, the law of hate.
"No quarter!" is the cry to these,
Accursed of man and doomed of fate!

The good time 's coming! Lo! I see
The watchfires gleam on all the hills;
In all the vales, where waking thought
With truth her golden trumpet fills;
And freedom's music, sweeping far
To serf and slave, the despot's doom,
Is usher of the morning star,
That pales the night of cloud and gloom!

The good time 's coming! Speed it on
Each soul, who feels to hate and scorn
The bloody garb of fraud and crime,
Our slavish race too long has worn;
Unite the hearts, unite the hands,
Forget dissension, creed and clime,
And pledge, by might of brotherhood,
To win and wear the Coming Time!